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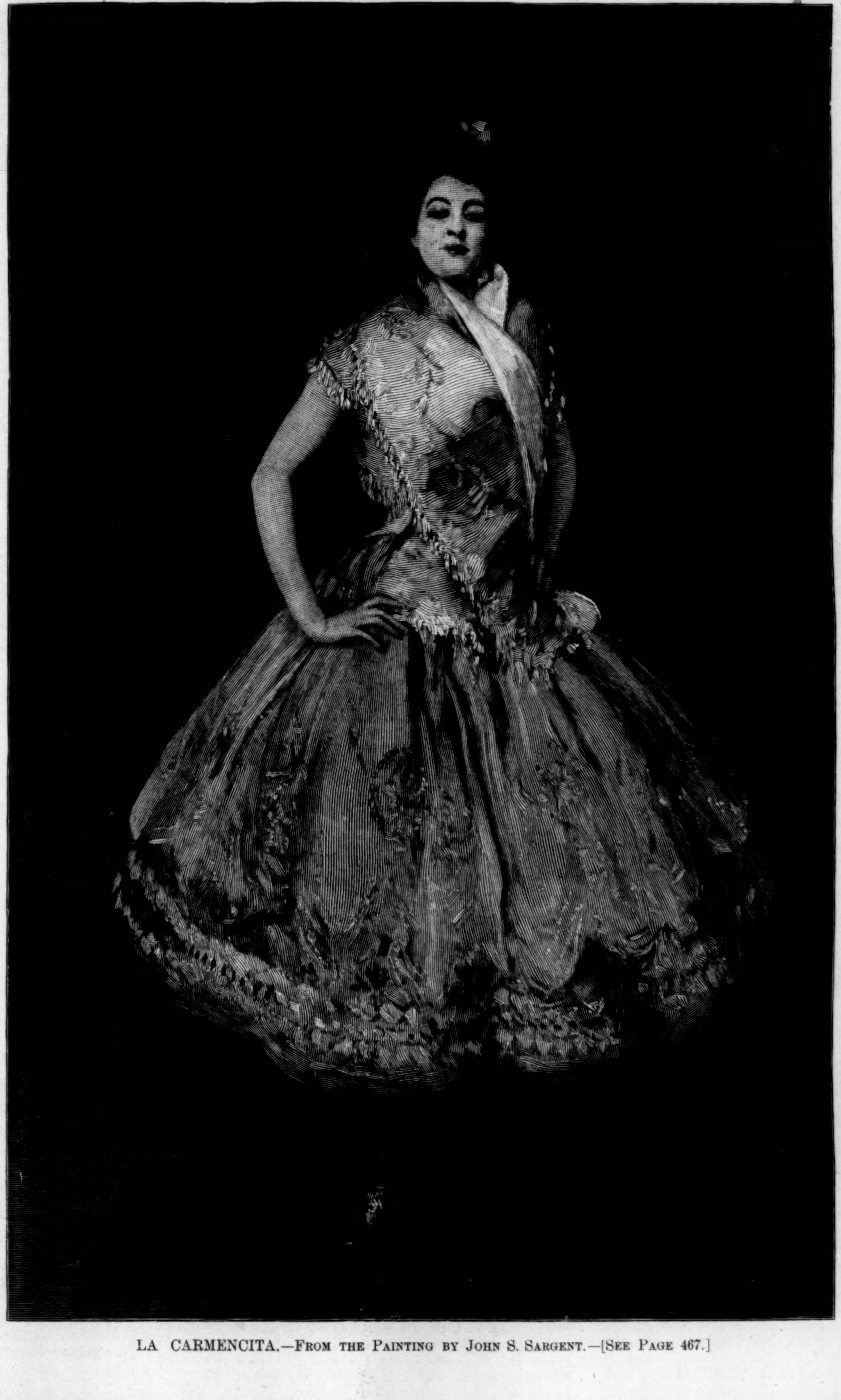

LA CARMENCITA.—From the Painting by John S. Sargent.—[See Page 467.]

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OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

AS June opens with sunshine and roses, and the great departure from town to country begins, those who are stepping eastward, to reverse the direction of WORDSWORTH'S phrase, must look with some curiosity at the stories of steamers and icebergs, and with some rueful apprehension at the claims of superior speed preferred by the agents, of rival ocean steamer lines. Although unnecessary or unusual delay is not desirable, yet a traveller would prefer probably to arrive on the *Lion* without terror a day later than on the *Tiger* a day earlier by way of an iceberg. An ocean greyhound is a pretty name for a swift steamer. But its charm is probably less perceptible when you are racing through ice and a thick fog on the Banks with some other hound, both bent upon breaking a record. The renown of the shortest passage is not worth the risk, and no reputation of any ocean line of steamers was ever so precious as that of the Cunarders for safety. The accommodations, it was said, were comparatively indifferent, the food was comparatively poor, and there were other disparaging commentaries. But you were safe all the way, and you knew it, and enjoyed the knowledge even if you arrived the day after somebody else.

We do not say that all the lines are not and were not equally safe, and equally well managed and appointed. We are taking no part for or against any company or ships. If the Vicar of Bray was not a judicious clergyman, where would you find one? But who would deny that for a comfortable journey the old family horse is preferable to the fleetest greyhound that ever ran? Or who would assert that upon a summer vacation voyage for rest and pleasure an added day at sea is so sore a privation? A dinner of herbs, perhaps, but sweet security therewith. When you are sea-sick, of course no greyhound is fleet enough. But your lawyer, your clergyman, your family man of pleasure, all going for recreation, why might they not all say confidentially to the captain that as they are really in no hurry, that as indeed they are going to escape hurry and to seek repose, and as it were to sit by the way and enjoy, they would quite as lief his steamer should be a setter as a greyhound?

If the captain were a Yankee, he would be very apt to reply that passengers who did not care to go ahead were unnatural or pseudo Americans, and totally unworthy of a passage upon a skimmer of the seas. And, in fact, how many of his passengers would not agree with him? In the old days of racing upon the Mississippi it was the passengers who insisted that barrels of tar should be thrown into the furnaces and the safety-valve chained down. Everybody might be blown up. That would be an act of God. But not to take every risk in order to beat would be to fly in the face of Providence. If the boiler burst, the passengers, as they went up, had the satisfaction of knowing that nothing had been left untried to whip the rival boat. It is to that fine feeling that the passengers upon the ocean greyhounds are being trained. It is perhaps rather grim sport. Indeed, the old American voyager, who was long enough at sea on his way to Europe to adjust himself to the leisure of sea life as a rather prolonged purgatory, stepped ashore with a feeling of being fairly off with the old love before he was on with the new, which is now perhaps somewhat unknown. The greyhound certainly is a fair symbol of the pace of our life, and not unnaturally we choose the greyhound to bear us across the sea. Whether he or the setter would more nimbly avoid the iceberg is perhaps not yet clear.

SUBMISSION OF LAWS TO THE POPULAR VOTE.

A DISTANT correspondent in Colorado asks why all measures of importance introduced in a State Legislature before becoming laws should not be submitted to a vote of the people. He says that public confidence in Legislatures is practically gone; that the national or the State Constitutions can be amended only with great difficulty, because every suggestion by the Legislature is distrusted by the people; that the real dependence of the people for information regarding the merits of public questions is not Congressional or Legislative debates, of which they see no adequate or useful report, but the press, which alone has carried the greatest of recent reforms—the Australian ballot system. The fickleness and uncertainty of legislation, the interested pressure upon members to pass and upon Governors to sign or veto bills, and the immediate efforts to procure their repeal or modification, destroy that sense of stability in the laws which is indispensable to wise counsel and tranquil business.

This is a strong statement of some serious defects of the situation, although the remedy is perhaps not the best. That American Legislatures are fairly representative of the communities which they represent is certainly doubtful. The city of New York, for instance, sends twenty-four of the 128 members of the Assembly of New York. It is notorious that they do not represent in any fair degree the character, intelligence, industry, and enterprise of the city. This is probably true in the same degree of the twelve Assemblymen from Brooklyn, who, with those from New York, compose a quarter of the whole body. If it be proportionally true of the other large cities of the State the unrepresentative character of the Assembly is made evident. But our correspondent forgets that the same system which secures the election of these men would determine the popular vote upon the laws which should be submitted. The voting population of the city is divided into two parties. Those parties, with their nominations to office, are managed wholly without the assistance or the knowledge of the great mass of their members. But those members, as a mass, follow implicity the few leaders who select candidates solely for the benefit of themselves, or of the party as an instrument for themselves. The voters, for instance, vote for the party candidates for the Assembly, of whom they know nothing whatever, solely because it is practically impossible to vote for anybody else. In the case of approving a law the same voters would follow in the same way, and for the same reason, the same leaders. It is this system therefore which must be changed if there is to be any reform.

A serious breach in the system has been made by the reform ballot law. Upon the point we are considering it will work in this way. The managers have relied upon the ignorance and corruptibility of one class of voters, and the indifference of another class, arising from their belief that reform was impossible. But the new law, providing for a secret ballot and for public printing of the ballot, largely destroys the reliance upon ignorance and corruptibility by taking the voter out of the control of the boss long enough for him to vote. Just this time is the vital moment for the boss, and unable to control this moment, his whole system is relaxed. This is a firm step toward a more truly representative Legislature by making the honest vote more confident, and the dishonest vote more doubtful. But in the degree that the Legislature becomes more representative it may be trusted to legislate for the general welfare, and the necessity for passing upon laws by the people disappears. The proposition of our correspondent is substantially to convert a representative republic into a pure democracy, which is absolutely impracticable, even if desirable. But it is useless, even were it practicable, when the representative principle of the government is maintained. The objective point of reform, therefore, must be, not the practical abolition of the Legislature, but its restoration to its purpose, a result to be accomplished by careful observation and extension of the ballot law, and by the elimination from our political system of the increasing root of corruption—the party patronage of the government.

HARVARD'S PROPOSAL.

THE proposition of Harvard to shorten the course of college study and to reduce residence to three years is very properly introduced at the opening of the Commencement season, which draws college men back to *alma mater* and to the consideration of college themes. The proposition, in brief, is to grant the degree of A.B. upon the successful completion of courses of study which can be properly mastered in a term of three years. The number of such courses must be obviously restricted; but we believe that experience has shown at Harvard that the last college year of clever men is now largely given to special studies preparatory to a profession, and as the standard of entrance has been raised, it would seem that the proposed scheme is a natural development of the progress of the university. Another obvious advantage of the change is the diminished cost of a college education. And this is not to be disregarded, because the cost is becoming one of the serious obstacles to such education at the larger institutions. The scheme, moreover, is proposed by our oldest and by no means the least conservative of our great schools, and is the result of long and careful observation and wise reflection. Columbia College also proposes a similar system, which it thinks preferable to that of Harvard.

Undoubtedly whatever tends to destroy the peculiar atmosphere of literature and culture which invests a college, and which is its especial charm, would be a misfortune. This is felt and urged by many old college men, although, as we think, mistakenly, as an objection to the plan known as university extension. That plan proposes only to bring the advantage of higher education to those who could not otherwise enjoy it. Surely it would be hard to deprive them of it because the happy spell of college residence might not be added. There is no situation in which more emphatically the half loaf is better than no bread. But the Harvard scheme contemplates residence as now, but would not prolong it so far as seriously to interfere with the entrance upon active life. Indeed, as our colleges are no longer, as Harvard was originally designed to be, nurseries of a godly clergy, nor, as the colonial colleges were, training schools for the learned professions, but have become general preparatory schools for every branch and department of American life, the change must be taken into account in any estimate of the relation of the college to that life. The college must be regarded primarily as an arena for developing and directing certain intellectual tendencies, which will be of the highest service to every man, whatever his subsequent pursuit. This may be held to be covered by the regular curriculum. Beyond this it is an amply endowed school to enable any man to pursue to the utmost any study. This is its post-graduate service and character.

It is plain that the first-named function of the college cannot be discharged properly if it delays too long the beginning of the active pursuit of life, for which it does not assume to train especially. The multitude of students do not come to college to become scholars and specialists, but to acquire a love of letters and a respect for intellectual culture, with a certain range of exact-knowledge which will launch them on the study of a profession. If the time devoted to such training can be shortened by a quarter without a serious or fatal sacrifice of the training, and without the loss of that influence and refinement of culture to which residence and association are indispensable, the change will be approved. But the proposal of so great a break with the traditions of college, made in a country whose standards and tendencies are largely material, and which seeks instinctively to subordinate even the college and scholarship to its own ends, must expect to be challenged, and forced to give a good account of itself. The proposal is not suspicious because it is new, for all progress is, in the sense of tradition, new. But in a country of dazzling material prosperity every lover of literature, and every man who feels the force and reason of the American scholar's injunction to "hold yourselves fast by the intellect," will reflect in a perfectly friendly but careful spirit upon this important and suggestive scheme.

THE BENNETT LAW.

THE apparent union of the German Lutherans and Roman Catholics in opposition to the BENNETT school law of Wisconsin has excited a great deal of surprise. The law is a compulsory and anti-sectarian law, and requires that instruction shall be given in the English language. This is not an extraordinary law, and as the Lutherans are hearty friends of the public-school system, their opposition is still more surprising. There might be, indeed, among good friends of the school system some doubt of the compulsory provision of the law. But this does not disturb the Lutherans. Fortunately the discussion has elicited letters, which are published in the New York *Times*, from two Lutheran clergymen in Connecticut, and from a Lutheran correspondent in Pennsylvania. These gentlemen say that the opposition is not taken to teaching in the English language, nor to the compulsory provision, nor does it arise from any desire of sectarian control of the public schools. The Lutherans willingly pay their school taxes. In Prussia and elsewhere their schools under the compulsory law sometimes contain ninety-eight per cent. of the school children. The statement of the ground of the present objection is this: "We believe that when we pay our taxes for the support of the public free schools of the land—we do this gladly—we have a right before God and man to put up our own school-houses, train our teachers, and support our own schools, that our children may be taught and trained in morals and religion as our consciences tell us they ought to be taught and trained."

Properly understood, that is perfectly fair. If parents prefer a private school for their children, the public authority can claim nothing more than the right to ascertain whether the education which it requires, and for which it makes provision, is adequately supplied by the private school. To that no good citizen ought to object. But, as the *Times* very well points out, this education cannot be said to be adequately supplied if the child is not taught to read, write, and speak English familiarly. This is a primary condition, and the comprehensive reason, a reason which is profound and far-reaching, is that English is the language of the country, the national language. As no American child should be permitted, upon reaching his majority, to partake of political power whose chief and instinctive language is a foreign tongue, so, as a child, he should be instructed in the English language. The State must be able to require such instruction, and of course to ascertain whether its requirement is satisfied.

The Bennett law makes stringent regulations to secure this knowledge. But some rule is plainly necessary. In many parts of Wisconsin and elsewhere there are communities which are practically foreign. The first and imperative policy to pursue in all such communities is to assimilate them with this country, its government and customs and national life. Homogeneity must be fostered and heterogeneity discountenanced in every practicable way. The key of this position is the school language. The English tongue is not to be an accomplishment or supplementary study. The first object of the public school in the common public interest should be to supersede for school purposes any foreign language more familiar to the child than that of this country. The parents came of their own choice, and for the sake of their children, who are to be Americans, as well as that of the country, the parents should co-operate with the State in giving the children the first essential qualification of an American—the language of the country. This country has an enormous task in achieving the timely and thorough assimilation of the mass of foreign material which is constantly cast upon it. Popular institutions prosper not because they are popular, but because of the character and quality of the people who administer them. A vast heterogeneous multitude of people of every race, without common traditions, habits, life, literature, and language, merely because they were herded on a continent, could not make a nation except as they became homogeneous. We do not want a Germany, an Ireland, an Italy, a Bohemia, or any other foreign nationality anywhere in this country. But we want everywhere America.

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

The month of June opens the Commencement season. Mr. Emerson, in greeting his old college chums at Cambridge, once spoke of the annual Commencement Day as the hour devoted to the consideration of intellectual interests by a people too busy to give to letters any more. There is certainly a delightful tone in the celebration of these days which contrasts happily with that of our usual political discussion. They call a truce to our unending controversy, and summon us to recollections and thoughts which have an interest that springs from our common humanity, not from our differing sects and parties.

The Commencement is especially the festival of youth and hope. If it abounds in preaching of every kind and degree; if the Senior departing from his college is very much wiser than his fathers were, and more experienced than he will ever be again; if his views upon the European question are more comprehensive than Bismarck's, and his philosophy more profound than Spencer's—it all excites a kindly interest in those who have seen many successive classes of college statesmen and philosophers, and who rejoice in the constant renewal of hope and faith and energy in the conduct of life.

It is not to be forgotten also that some of the most memorable of American discourses have been spoken at Commencement celebrations. Edward Everett's oration before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in 1825 was almost the beginning of our higher literary oratory. Emerson's, ten years later before the same society, still deeply influences American character and life. Wendell Phillips's, nine years ago at the centenary of the society, was his last great speech, and characteristically crowned his career. From the day given to letters by a people too busy to give any more have sprung the happiest results, and as the season returns it is pleasant to welcome it with the knowledge that the interest in higher education in this country constantly deepens and increases.

OUR WORLD'S FAIR.

There is animated discussion in Chicago over the site of the World's Fair, and some rueful apprehension expressed whether it will be a World's Fair. But the present situation must be regarded only as the natural extreme reaction from the wholly factitious movement upon the subject in New York, which was a little and amusing form of a South Sea bubble. As in that frenzy there were visions of colossal wealth and London reeled with the excitement, so in our World's Fair uproar there seemed in the newspapers to be universal and absorbing interest, while in private the subject was scarcely mentioned, and usually in the most deprecatory tone.

Such was the apparent popular current of favor, however, that men subscribed ten thousand dollars who hoped that the Fair would go to Chicago or to Guinea, and there was certainly never a more comically excited public meeting than that at the Cooper Institute, when apparently "strong men wept," or at least shouted themselves hoarse, over "a compromise" of something or other which proved to be wholly out of reach. Nothing but the touch of Diedrich Knickerbocker could do justice to the most ludicrous of recent incidents in the city.

But a World's Fair at Chicago commemorative of the discovery of the Western Continent, although a rather vague motive for such an enterprise, puts this country in the attitude of host. The present reaction from our amusing performance in New York will pass away, and we shall begin to feel sincere interest in the welfare of the commemorative enterprise. The Governors of States are appointing Commissioners, and a good-natured New York, having done laughing at itself, will very gladly help its young sister of the West to entertain the world.

BEGINNING THE CENSUS.

The census enumeration began in the city of New York with more public attention than any previous census has excited. This was due to the remarkable questions which were to be asked, and which must apparently greatly prolong taking the enumeration. The reporters made very lively accounts of the proceedings and of the reception of the enumerators and their questions. One reported question addressed to grave and respectable heads of households, "Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child, or pauper?" was very entertaining, and there is an amiable reliance upon the truth-loving disposition of the community evinced in many of the inquiries which is highly creditable to the good heart of the Commissioner.

Whether the answers to some of the questions would furnish a sound basis of trustworthy statistics must be doubted. They would apparently lack authenticity. The opening offered for the free play of a sportive fancy in reply is very alluring, and although there is a hint of "legal proceedings" in cases of contumacy, it is not very alarming. The returns of information about mortgages in the tenement-house districts will be valuable, and those of homeless children on Murray Hill will reward attention.

There was one tragical incident reported at the opening of the work. One of the enumerators, confined to his bed by illness, was unable to report for duty, and upon hearing that a fine of five hundred dollars would be imposed upon him, he took poison and died. In earlier times and in other countries such an incident would have been held to cast a fatal spell upon the work. But the census is an enterprise of great importance, whatever fun the newspapers may make of it. Indeed, there is nothing which the bright humor and light hand of the modern reporter will not serve up for the public entertainment in the gayest manner.

A "LITTLE GAME" BLOCKED.

Some months ago a bill was passed in the House of Representatives authorizing the appointment of thirty medical pension examiners without the usual examination. The object was to make so much "spoils" for distribution, and also to work the men into the service and gradually supplant those already there, and thus establish a precedent to set aside the rules of appointment. It was objected to the bill that the thirty new examiners ought to be appointed under the rules like all the rest, and that their arbitrary appointment to places included in the rules would be necessarily very mischievous.

The reply was that extreme haste was essential, and there was no time for examination. Mr. Roosevelt answered that there was an eligible list from which to select. The answer was not permitted to be made officially in the House, and the measure which could not be possibly delayed was hurried through the House, sent to the Senate, reported back unchanged, and after five weeks or more it was taken up, amended so as to provide an examination to be approved by the President, and this, after about three months from its passage in the House, is the present end of the bill.

If the plea of haste urged even by some friends of reform in the House was valid, the service is greatly suffering, and needy veterans are outrageously wronged. But the humbug of the whole movement is evident. There was no need and no haste. If there was an actual need of more examiners, they could have been appointed from the eligible list or immediately examined. The instant, however, it became plain that they could not be appointed at pleasure, it was clear that the urgent need was not for the service, but for spoils. As it stands, this incident is a victory for reform. Senators enough have been found to "block the little game" of the Pension Commissioner.

PAINTING RED.

The beardless vandals at Cambridge who defaced the statue of John Harvard and the chapel because the college crimson was triumphant the day before are undoubtedly heartily ashamed of themselves. A mass-meeting of the students denounced the outrage in the plainest terms, and resolved that "the athletic committee" should organize and direct all rejoicings of the kind hereafter, and so save the collective college fraternity from the discredit attaching to the follies of a few students unworthy of their college and their associates. The foes of Harvard, if such there be, will see that the college was represented by the mass-meeting, and not by the handful of unknown and skulking rioters.

Happening at this time, the incident may suggest to the young friends of Dr. Birch who have just entered college to consider what fun there is in daubing a statue and defacing a building. To cause a man to tumble in the gutter, or to souse him in a pail of water, is as hilarious a proceeding as to cut off his coat skirts, or to knock a hole in his hat. A young gentleman who should find this proceeding humorous would be certainly requested by Charles Lamb to permit an examination of his bumps.

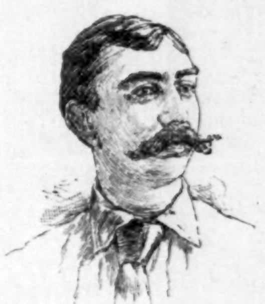
Such young gentlemen must not delude themselves with the notion that only molly-coddles object to such humors. Whoever these excellent people may be, and whatever their tastes, it is not they exclusively who do not believe that fagging is a good school of manliness, or that personal outrages, sometimes with tragical result, are to be dismissed as exhibitions of high spirits. "Painting the town red," even very young gentlemen should know, is a rhetorical phrase. But there is a good old saying which generous college men always bear in mind—*noblesse oblige*.

PERSONAL.

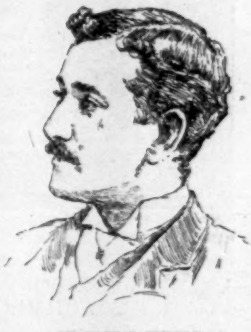
A number of private papers belonging to John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," were found not long ago in the garret of a house in Leonard Street in this city. Payne lived there in 1847 and 1848, and the papers were hidden away in an antique oak chest.

—The ballroom at Brussels which was the scene of the revels which preceded Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, and which is now the upper story of a deserted brewery, is offered for sale for about $38,500. The price set on the original mask of Napoleon, taken after his death at St. Helena, is $30,000.

—The Siberian Cossack, Dmetree Pjeshkoff, who started November 7th to ride from Blagovjechensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5400 miles, on the same horse, has successfully accomplished his remarkable feat. Captain Pjeshkoff belongs to a Cossack regiment, and his horse is of the tough Cossack breed, thirteen years old, light gray in color, and rather undersized. Neither horse nor rider seems to have suffered seriously from the long trip, which was attended by no very unusual adventures, considering the wild section of country traversed. The horse subsisted on oats and hay, and quenched his thirst with snow. It was noted that the animal's appetite increased with the journey, and that he ate nearly three times as much toward the close of the trip as he did at the start.


THOMAS PETTIT.

—The finals of a very exciting and well-contested series of games of court tennis were played in Dublin on May 30th. Thomas Pettit, of Boston, and Saunders, the English champion, were contestants for the championship of the world and stakes amounting to £1000. The match was held in the grounds of Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, and a large and distinguished audience watched the superb play of both men. The American champion, who was in fine form, played a brilliant game and won three out of four sets. As the players were rivals in style of play, the winner scored a double victory.


CHARLES SAUNDERS.

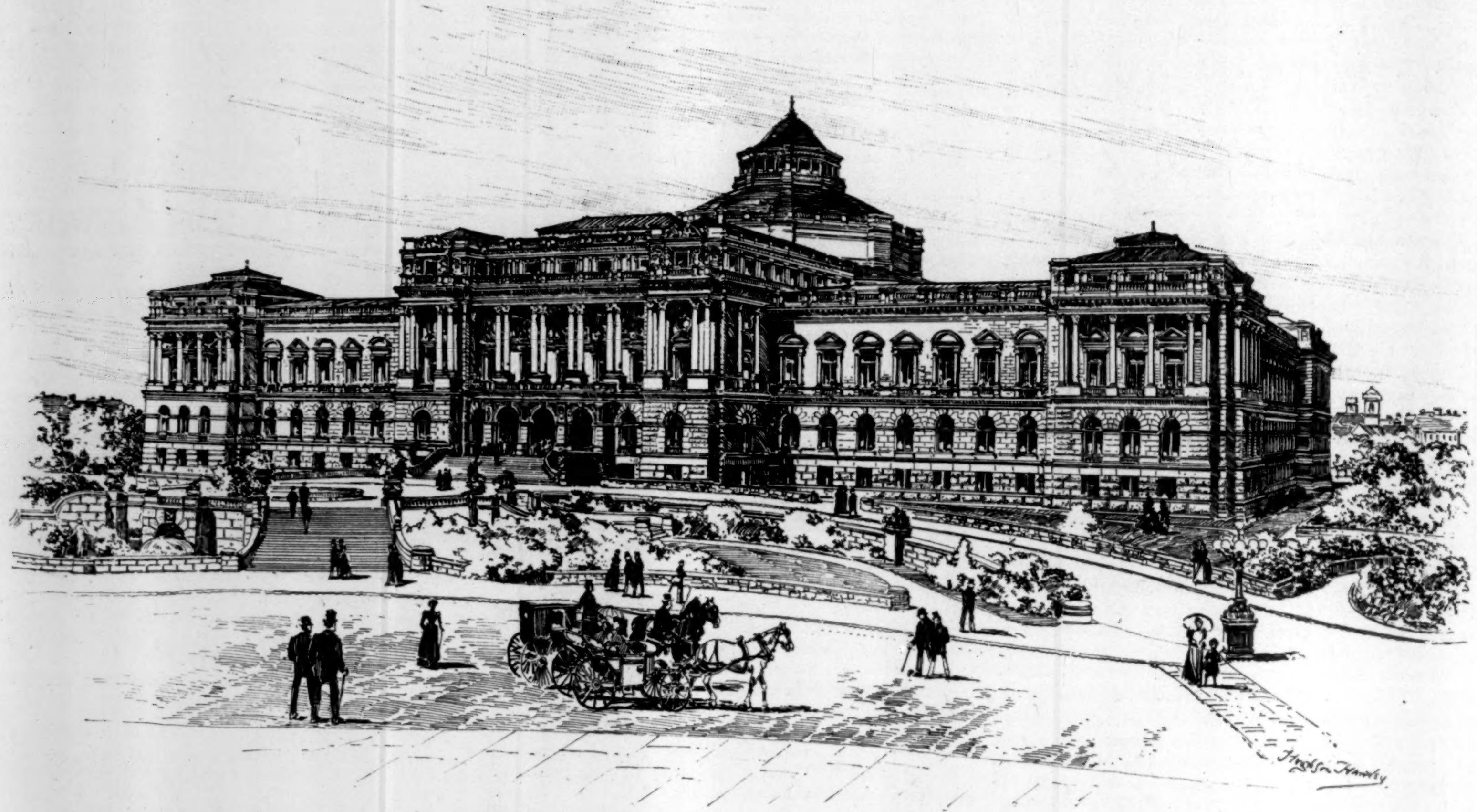
—Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, who has just been appointed Professor of Greek at Wellesley College, is a graduate of Cornell, and while there won a Greek prize at an inter-collegiate competition, where there were over sixty other competitors.

—A handsome monument has been placed over the grave of General George B. McClellan in Riverside Cemetery, at Trenton, New Jersey.

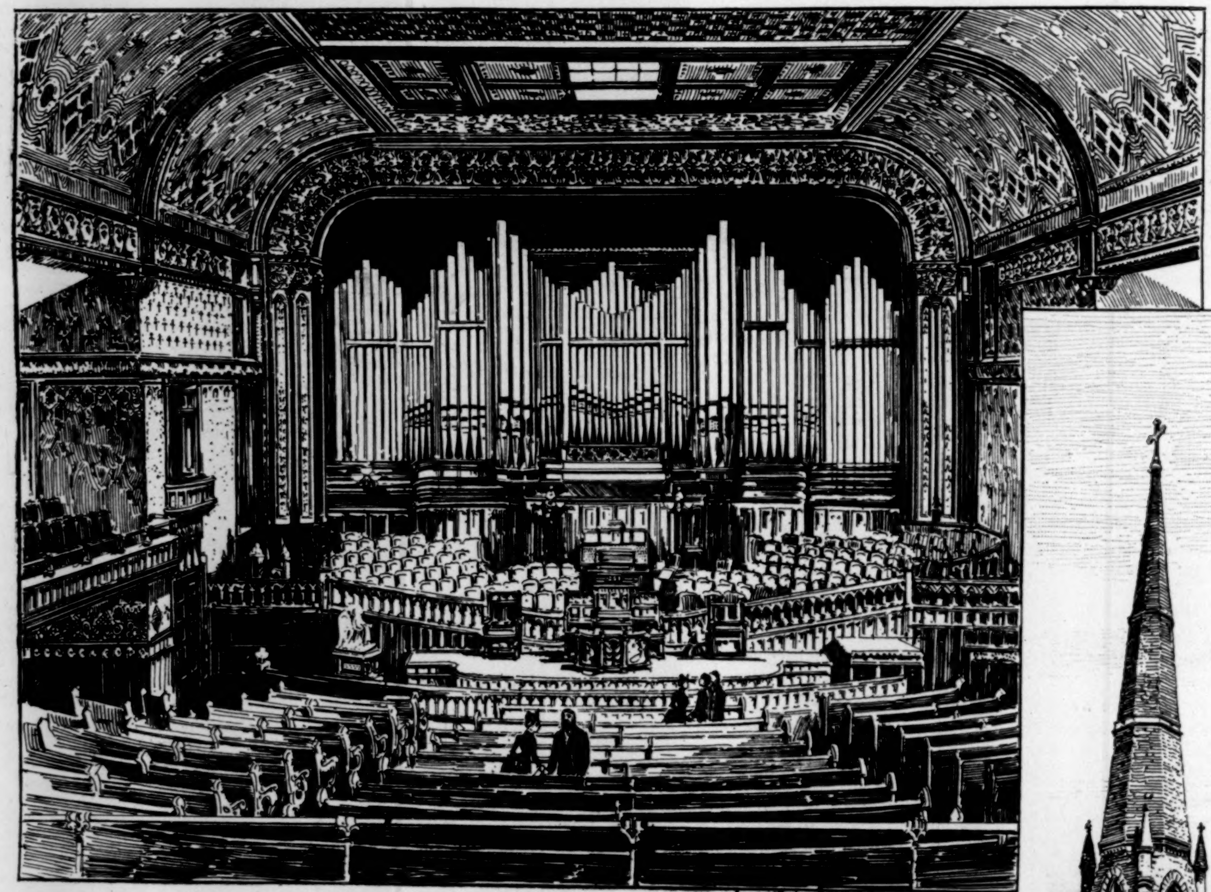
—Professor Huxley is growing very deaf.

—A midnight wedding at the Methodist church caused quite a sensation in Monroe, Wisconsin, recently. The couple married were Lulu Nina Benson and William Lewellyn Parry, and the reason for their freak is not stated.

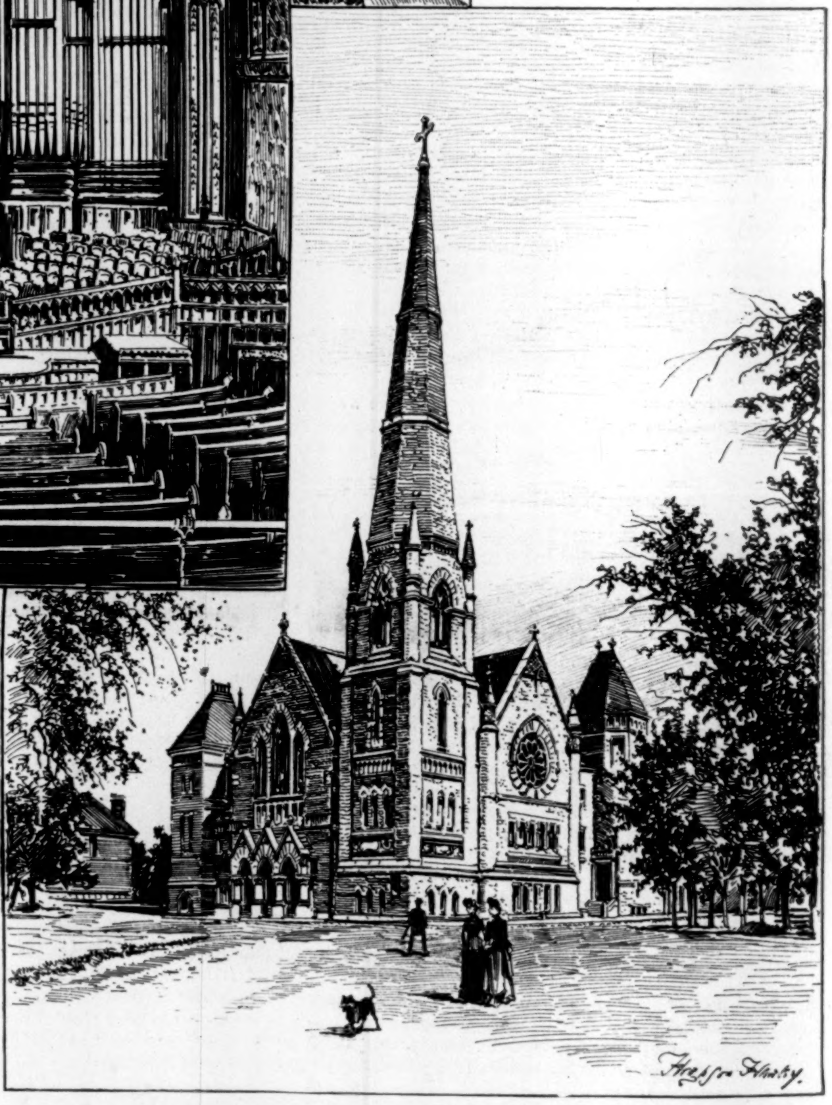
—San Francisco resembles Boston in a certain respect. She possesses a literary "atmosphere"; and it would not be a surprising sequence in the process of her evolution if she should become the home of a new school of American authors. Two poems, entitled "Meeting of Anthony and Cleopatra," and "Death of Cleopatra," published in San Francisco, have won favorable notice from Lord Tennyson and Oliver Wendell Holmes. No name is given; but it is understood that the author lives in San Francisco, and is a granddaughter of Governor De Witt Clinton.



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley after the Architect's Designs.—[See Page 463.]



INTERIOR.



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DENVER, COLORADO.
Drawn by Hughson Hawley from a Photograph.

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Denver, Colorado, as shown in the graceful picture in this issue of the Weekly, represents in actual valuation more than one-quarter of a million dollars, and is one of the most magnificently appointed churches in America. This superb building was opened in December, 1888, and is the direct result of the genius of leadership as demonstrated in the energetic and progressive pastor, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, and in the munificent gifts of the people composing the congregation. These gifts have, perhaps, never been surpassed in the history of churches, and the figures which represent the valuation of the church property seem so incredibly large that beautiful Trinity Church appeals to the imagination more like the splendors of King Solomon's Temple than a modern sanctuary. The generous giving on the part of the entire membership of the church was inspired chiefly by the large subscriptions of several individuals. Of these, two men contributed over $80,000, setting, as they did so, a noble example which the others were not slow to follow. In the donation toward the building fund, every member gave according to his ability Upon the Easter-Sunday preceding the opening, $64,000 was subscribed at the morning service, and the subscriptions that followed within the next eight months equalled and even surpassed that generous collection. Dr. Buchtel had inspired his congregation with fervent enthusiasm, and the result was a golden hail-storm.

A magnificent and splendidly equipped church, however, is not the only property held by the Trinity trustees. To this is added an elegant parsonage, the cost of which, including lots and furnishings, amounted to $20,000, and which was the gift of Mr. Humphrey B. Chamberlin, a prominent capitalist, who built it as a memorial to his sainted mother.

Another wonderful gift was the greatest organ in America, and one of the greatest in the world. This was the donation of Mr. Isaac E. Blake, and was constructed by Frank Roosevelt, of New York, at a cost of $30,000. As a musical instrument this organ has been excelled in size and number of stops, but, taken as a whole, it is probably the most perfect specimen of the organ-builder's art that has ever been produced. In its mechanical features it is especially perfect. The key action is electric throughout. The stop of thirty-two-foot pipes is noteworthy, and seldom found in organs.

The architectural style of the building is what is known as modern

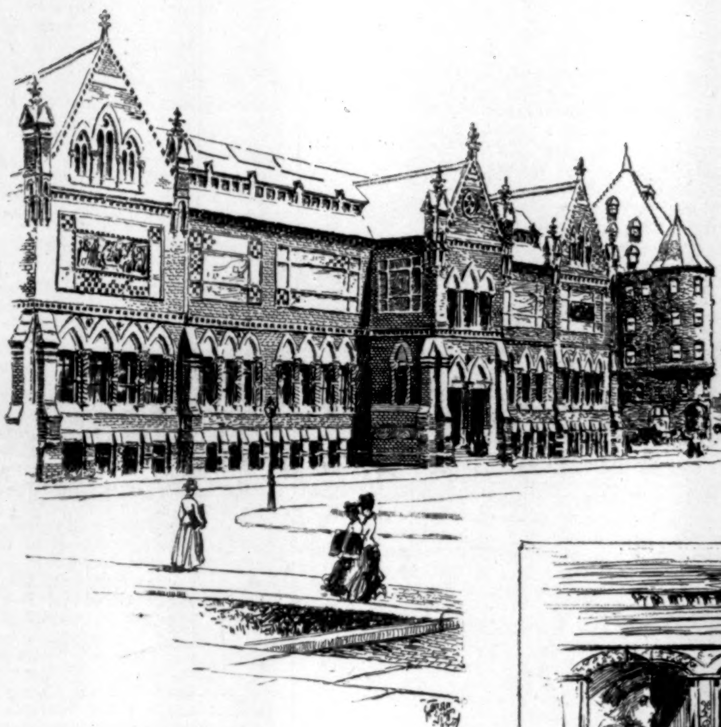
Gothic, and this is carried out in every detail, both in the interior and exterior. The walls are massive and well built, and are faced with broken ashlar, except the spire, which is of coursed stone to the base of the cross. The trimmings are of Utah purple sandstone tooled, and portions thereof are richly carved. The steps are of Colorado granite, as are also the round columns in the front entrance. The extreme dimensions of the building are 125 feet by 96 feet 6 inches. By means of a wire rope an electric light is raised to the interior of the cross, through the opening in the side of which a flood of light is shed down on the church like a benediction. The walls throughout are of stone. The roof is covered with slate. Hip and ridges are capped with ornate tile-work, and the pinnacles, terminals, the cross on the spire, and the cornice-work are of copper.

The church occupies four lots on the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street and Broadway, which were purchased at a cost of $75,000. The main entrance is on Broadway. Three Gothic archways of stone, covered by a massive carved stone pediment, supported on polished red granite columns, open into a marble-floored recess 7 by 55 feet. This recess, or vestibule, is faced with rubbed stone-work of a beautiful purple tint. The ceiling is of panelled oak. The steps in the archways are of granite, and the arched openings are guarded by beautiful wrought-iron grills. From this open vestibule wide double oak doors lead to the basement, and at either end slate steps 6½ feet wide lead to the main entrance doors in the two towers. The auditorium is 100 by 84, exclusive of organ space, having an average height of 43 feet to the ceiling. A niche 46 by 16½ in the east end contains the organ. The choir, 13 by 56, is carpeted, and seated with folding assembly chairs set on a radiating terraced floor, and will accommodate 116 singers and musicians. The main floor of the auditorium is bowled. A gallery is carried around three sides of the room, supported on iron columns. Over the north and south vestibule entrances are boxes, situated on a level with the gallery floor, and designed for the use of invalids.

The stained-glass windows are very artistic and effective, as is also the fresco. Perfect harmony has been observed in the coloring and designs of the glass and decorations, both blending well with the design and finish of the woodwork and furnishing. The acoustic properties of the room are perfect. The floor is terraced and carpeted, and seated with folding assembly chairs of the best pattern.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

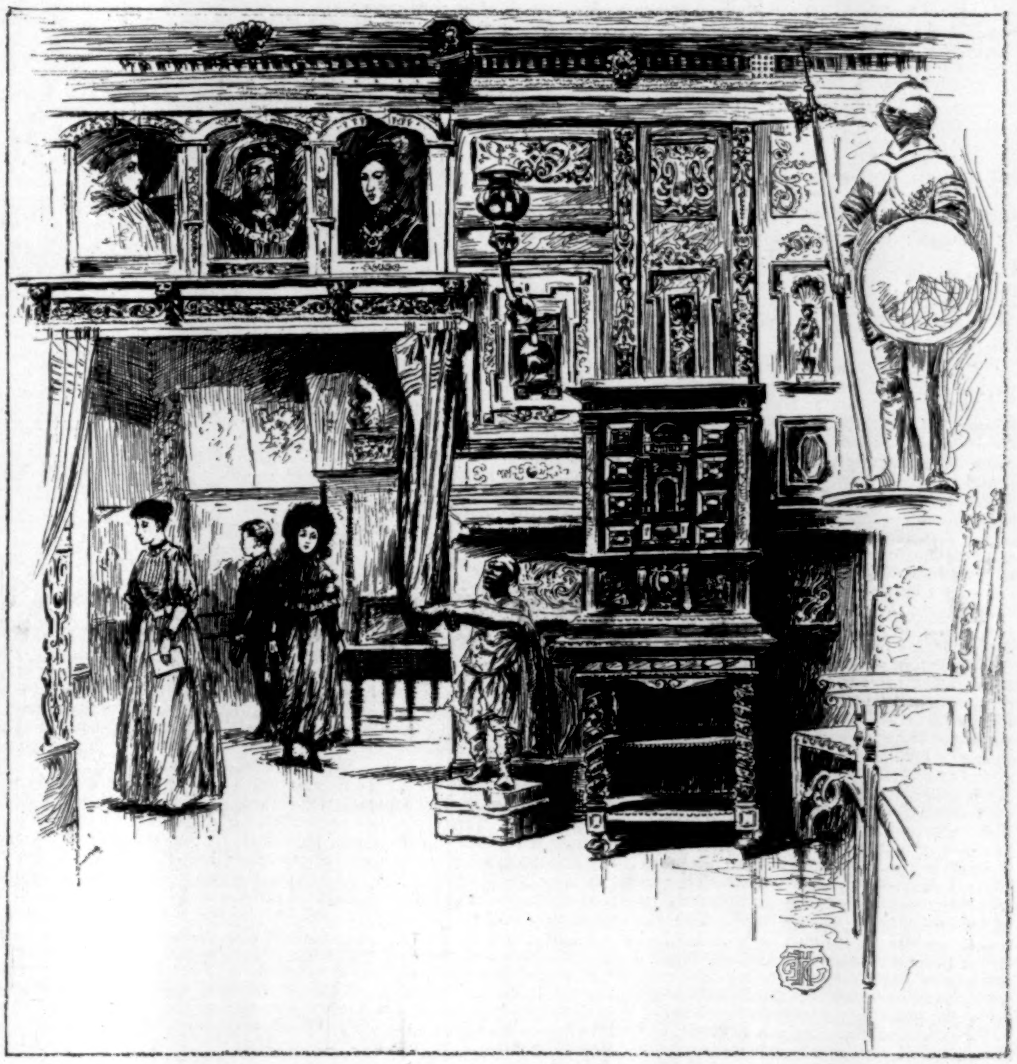
The extension to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts recently completed makes an important increase of exhibition space, and greatly improves the arrangements of the art collections. The Museum is situated at the corner of Dartmouth Street and St. James Avenue, fronting upon Copley Square, an open, verdant space, about which are several noble and beautiful edifices, including the new Public Library. The Museum, a structure of great beauty of tints and decorations, and handsome architectural proportions, is built of red brick, with mouldings, cappings, and ornamental work of red and buff terra-cotta. There are two large artistically executed reliefs of the façade, one typifying "Genius of Art," with illustrations of art and architecture from antiquity to the present day. In the rondels of the other bass-relief, representing Art and Industry," are contained the heads of distinguished artists and patrons of art, the Americans thus depicted being Copley, Crawford, and Allston. White marble steps and polished granite columns with terra-cotta capitals set off the main entrance.


THE EXTERIOR.

The land on which the Museum stands contains 91,000 square feet. It was granted by the city to the Museum trustees in 1870, in which year the corporation was formed with a fund of $250,000, raised by public subscription. The first section of the building, begun in 1871, was completed and opened in 1876. In 1878 $125,000 additional was subscribed, and by its aid the section fronting St. James Avenue was completed in the spring of 1879. The next enlargement was the present extension.

Within the Museum the rooms on the first floor are generally devoted to casts, statuary, and antiquities. Besides the many casts of statues, complete or fragmentary, there are busts and heads, reliefs, including sarcophagi and architectural details, small bronzes, terra-cottas, altars, seats, marble vases, and models; the increase in the number of all these treasures during the past year has been notable, the number of them last year being 414, while the present list is 777. In its collection of these antiquities the Boston Museum of Fine Arts now takes third rank in the world, the Royal Museum at Berlin and the University Museum at Strasburg being the only ones exceeding it in the number of these classic possessions.

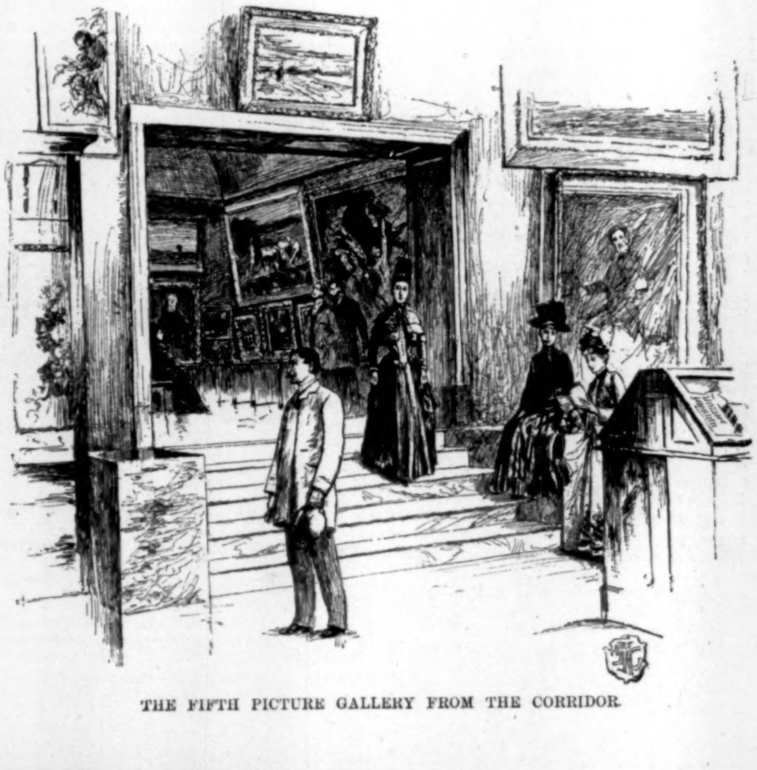
Among the collections of special interest upon this floor are the Robert Hay collection of Egyptian antiquities, presented to the Museum by Charles Granville Way; the collection of Egyptian sculpture made by the late John Lowell; and the great architectural room filled with exquisite details from classic, Renaissance, Gothic, and Saracenic architecture—one of the finest collections in America. The Di Cesnola antiquities from Cyprus, and several thousand rare coins of Egypt, Italy, and Asia, electrotyped from originals in the British Museum, are on the first floor. To this classical department the extension has added 9870 square feet, making a total floor-space of over 14,000 square feet, with wall space in proportion, giving proper room and light to casts that have long been at a disadvantage for want of them, and improving their disposal in every way.


THE LAWRENCE ROOM.

Following the completion of the new building there has been an entire and radical rearrangement of the collections of casts and of original antiquities. The general arrangement is now a chronological one, with a few departures from this plan, owing to the necessity of finding available places for some of the larger and finer pieces. The first room at the right of the entrance is devoted to casts from Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture. Adjoining this is the room containing casts from archaic Greek art. Next come two rooms illustrating the transitional epoch, and so on through the various stages of the development and decline of classical art, from which the visitor passes directly to the Renaissance department, the natural sequel to the classical. Gothic art is illustrated in a room at one side of the main line of passage through the Museum. The Museum's limited funds have obliged the trustees to confine their purchases chiefly to casts, and the greater number of original works exhibited in this department are either bequests, gifts, or loans.

Broad iron staircases lead to the upper floor, which is devoted mainly to paintings, engravings, productions of industrial art, and bric-à-brac. A noteworthy feature of this upper hall is the second bronze gate of the Baptistery at Florence. The paintings occupy several rooms. Among the pictures are "Belshazzar's Feast," by Allston, and the Dowse collection of water-color drawings, chiefly copies of the old masters. The print rooms, contiguous to the water-color room, contain the Gray collection of engravings bequeathed to Harvard University. The collection of Japanese curiosities, which includes rich pottery, porcelain, and embroideries, has recently received large additions, and is a prominent feature of the Museum.

The Museum corporation is administered by a Board of Trustees, to which are added annually members chosen to represent Harvard University, the Institute of Technology, and the Athenæum, also *ex officio* the Mayor of Boston, the Superintendent of Public Schools, Secretary of the State Board of Education, trustees of the Lowell Institute, and the President of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library.


THE FIFTH PICTURE GALLERY FROM THE CORRIDOR.

The Museum is open daily: on Mondays at noon, and on other days from 9 A.M. until sunset. On Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M., admission is free; at other times twenty-five cents admission is charged. In the building is a very prosperous school of drawing and painting. Martin Brimmer is president of the Board of Trustees of the Museum; John L. Gardner, treasurer; Charles G. Loring, director; and Edward H. Greenleaf, curator and secretary.

HASBEEN BLAKE, MIMIC.

BY JOHN B. RAYMOND.

"STAY, by all means, and see his turn; I want your opinion of him," said Mr. Hamilton, with that engaging air and flattering innuendo that had made him the most popular manager in the variety business west of the Mississippi. "He is due to go on in a few minutes; and I tell you the man is great, or rather he has been. There I go," he continued, chuckling in an infectious way that made his listeners chuckle too in anticipation. "You see it's impossible to speak of the fellow without using that confounded little pair of words. I try not to, but I can't help it, and that's how he got his sobriquet. His right name is Warren Blake, and there has been—hit me, somebody, if I say that again—there *was* a time when I wouldn't have wanted a better name to pack a house; but, d'you know, when I decided to give the old man another chance, he wouldn't hear of it on the bills. It was Hasbeen or nothing, and Hasbeen it is. See!"

He drew a programme from a sheaf, and pointed to a line with his jewelled forefinger.

LODEVILLE'S FAVORITE, THE VERSATILE VETERAN,
HASBEEN BLAKE,
The Monarch of Mimics, in his Inimitable Impersonations, including
Davy Crockett, Joshua Whitcomb, Colonel Sellers, Rip Van Winkle,
Richard III., Hamlet, and Ophelia, or the Melancholy Dame.

"There must be a good story about the fellow, Hamilton," said one of the party.

"So there is, my boy. Everybody knows it here; but it may be new to you folks over the divide. You see, he comes of a theatrical tribe, and went on first when he was just a youngster in knickerbockers—as Hamlet, I think. That was back in the Dark Ages, some time when infant prodigies were all the rage. It was a fine performance, but not the kind the divine Billy contemplated in the original invention. It was a travesty, d'you see—not a barn-storming comic Hamlet, but something that was delicately and deliciously funny without your knowing why. The boy didn't intend to; he just couldn't help it. Heavens! how such a thing would take nowadays! But it made the thick-headed manager mad, and he told Blake to go and be a shoemaker. That was the end of him until burlesque began to come to the front in this country. Let me see; it was the year, I think, that *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* made its big hit, and those two Polish dancing girls with five-act names set everybody crazy. Blake was cast for some part, and gagged it in a new style. He worked in character bits from tip-top politicians, statesmen, and men about town, and, by Jove! gentlemen, you could shut your eyes and swear that the very fellows were there on the stage. The audience simply got up and yelled. He had struck his gait at last, and he was the biggest favorite of the hour—money without end, whole conservatories over the foot-lights every night, and all the papers petting him."

The manager paused for a moment, and bent his ear knowingly to a plaintive strain inside, that sounded faintly through the lobby where the group were standing. Some one was bewailing "The Sweet Summer Days Long Ago" in a voice a little the worse for wear. "That's Miss Howard," he resumed. "Blake goes on next. Well, as I was saying, he made a hit, although the fool critics did their best to ruin him. They said, as usual, that he was capable of better things, and was frittering away his talents when he ought to be in legitimate. They were all wrong. He was a mimic, and nothing but a mimic. He wasn't even an actor. He was a concave mirror, don't you know—an echo with a twist in it. But there was never anybody like him; and he'd be at the top yet if he hadn't carried the joke too far. He carried it off the stage, where it belonged, and being a convivial fellow, he first broke up financially, and then broke down physically."

"I thought professional funny people were serious in private life," remarked a mine manager from Chalk Ranch.

"That's the general impression, but it's a great mistake. A comedian is always a comedian, and the only difference is that when he gets off the stage he may limit the audience down to himself. Life was a good joke to Blake, and after a while it told on him, and holes came in his work, as the saying is. At last it was nearly all holes. But he couldn't realize it, and he scored the biggest line of consecutive failures of any man in the business before he gave up. He failed in 'Frisco, failed in Chicago, failed in St. Louis, failed in New Orleans, and then failed in spots all over the one-night circuits. He was a pretty extinct volcano when he drifted out here with the boom, and has been trying to drown his sorrows in the usual way ever since; but, pshaw! you might as well try to drown a fish. He had quit the boards, and, in plain English, was a common drunkard. Did I say how I came to give him a date with me?" he continued, after listening again. "No? Well, let's go inside and I'll tell you. One day I found him sitting in the Marble Hall, looking pretty seedy, and I said, 'Blake, you are going to the dogs.' 'Have you just now made that discovery?' says he. 'No,' I said; 'but you ought to be ashamed of yourself—a man of your ability drinking himself into the gutter and going to perdition generally.' He looked up at me like a magpie, and says he: 'Hamilton, you are the most inappreciative cuss on earth. You have before you the finest imitation of a perfect loafer ever seen upon the stage of life. It is my most artistic creation. It is exact in every detail. I defy you to pick a flaw in it; and although I scarcely hoped to take in an old-timer like yourself, I can tell you confidentially that the whole town accepts the impersonation as genuine.' His effrontery tickled me so that I made him an offer on the spot. 'There's stuff in you yet,' I said; and the long and short of it is I talked him into an engagement. I have stirred up some of his old ambition, I believe, and my private opinion is that he will make a hit. Ah, here he comes now."

Miss Howard had ogled her way to the wings, a crash of chords came from the orchestra, and a man in a dress suit strode down the stage. He was greeted with a friendly tumult. Everybody in the great mining camp knew him, and everybody clung to the tradition that he was a genius, for it is a world-wide perquisite of ruined talent to find for its flashes a quick acceptance and a profound belief in what might have been. And this, moreover, was a boon companion, a fellow of infinite jest, who had often set the table in a roar, who had cracked jokes with all of them, and caroused in every cabin. They gave him an ovation.

The mimic had dressed with care, but as he stood for a moment waiting for the uproar to subside there were times when he looked thirty, and times when he looked full sixty, and in his bearing a tremulous shifting between youth and age, like an unstable mixture quivering before it resolves itself. He cleared his throat and spoke.

"I thank you," he said. "You are most kind. But it isn't a speech you want, I know. Give me your attention for a few moments, and I'll try to show you how Mr. Mayo does Davy Crockett."

There was no denying it: the man was clever. There was a spark of fantastic genius in the portraiture he drew. It was a caricature, but, like a caricature, the more recognizable for its salient and subtle exaggeration. It was impossible to say how he did it. A touch here and there, a trick of expression, and the Crockett of drama trod the boards. "I am only a poor backwoodsman," he sighed, with a husky tremor in his voice, "and I don't know how to read or write."

There was a storm of applause, for appreciation in plenty was in the house. Half those who had pushed to the mines in that day of hectic hope and golden dreams were men of culture, men of education, and men of refinement. They quarrelled and caroused at times, and wore hip boots, and shot each other to the death across the gambling table, but they hummed the last opera between pick strokes in the shaft, and knew an artist when they saw one.

Blake paused in his heroic strain, drew up his shoulders, and slouched across the stage. "B' gosh!" he exclaimed, in the astonished tones of Joshua Whitcomb. "I've jes saw—I've jes—" Then a queer change came into his voice, and he stopped. Of all his transformations this was the most sudden and complete. The genial countryman vanished in a breath, leaving behind a worn old man, belying his curly wig and youthful paint, staring into vacancy with haggard eyes and fingering at his throat. Hasbeen Blake had added one more to his list of consecutive failures. He tottered off amidst a dead silence, the performers making way for him in the wings. He encountered Hamilton on the stairs.

"Good God, man!" cried the manager, "what's the matter? You were doing fine."

The mimic glared at him fiercely. "You did this!" he exclaimed, in a choking whisper. "And you knew better. You knew I was a wreck, but you wanted to make a show out of my misery. Curse you for it! My voice is gone, my memory is gone, and you knew it. Get out of my way!"

The night outside was cold, with the dry bitter chill of winter in the altitudes. A slight snow was on the ground, and it crunched like cinders underfoot; the gas lamps shone through amber halos; and beyond the low-lying town, beyond the row of flaming smelter chimneys in the gulch and the wide desolate plateau that flanked them, a ghostly figment of mountain-tops seemed hung against the sky. The heavens themselves were black as soot, but spangled with innumerable stars that steeped the atmosphere in their frosty radiance.

Whatever was strange and whatever was beautiful in this midnight picture was lost upon the doubly ruined mimic as he hurried headlong down the street. He had left his stage attire in the dressing-room, and the raw air nipped him through his shabby clothes, but he did not feel it. A blind, insensate rage possessed him. The scene at the theatre appeared to him like some ugly dream, of which the glittering sweep of the foot-lights, the clamorous applause, his flush of triumph, and his despair were but detached and incoherent memories. Then, as this sense of unreality passed away, the miserable tragedy of his life unfolded through his brain, and confronted him like something palpable. No one had known how high his hopes had been once on a time; no one (and he nursed this thought with surpassing bitterness) had known the possibilities that were in him. The fatuity of his habit stood revealed as by a flash of lightning; how he had hoped against hope, shut his eyes on destiny, and dreamed steadfastly of another day that would never come; and the fabric of his self-deceit fell from the bare fact as one unwinds embroidered wrappings and finds a mummy. The sobriquet he had earned revolted him like the touch of a snake, and now that he realized its full import, he felt how dear his dreams had been, how he had drawn sustenance from them, and how little life was worth living without them. He groaned at the thought, and dug his nails into his palms.

He had left the business quarters of the city far behind in his mad rush, and reached the scattered cabins that lined the gulch. Here and there a light shone out, but most of them were dark and still; and a dull noise that now began to drum his ears came from beyond. He did not know he heard it, but by that curious double sense that stands guard over a troubled mind he felt that he approached the river. On pleasant days in the past he had often wandered there to muse and fish, and only idle, vagrant memories were associated with the spot; but on that night the voice of the waters was burdened with sinister suggestion. A thought struck him that chilled and thrilled him, and even as he fought against it, seized him with the force of an ungovernable impulse. He cast a distracted glance into the gloom and hurried on, stumbling and panting over the rough ground. At that moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice.

"I don't know," he answered, dully, without surprise and without turning.

Upon that a firm grasp faced him about, and by the starlight he recognized a miner whom he knew—a man not much better or worse than his kind, whom he had met sometimes in rather jovial company. His name was Hobart.

"Blake," said the miner, with a certain embarrassment of speech, "I was there tonight; and the truth is, I followed you out. You did your best, and that's all any of us can do. Yes, yes; but the least said the soonest mended; and—and—see here, what I want is to take you home."

"I have no home," said the mimic, in a hollow voice. "I am a vagabond."

"Why, bless my soul! I don't mean your home; I mean mine. I have a little shanty up the gulch, nothing very stylish, you know; but then the beauty of it is that you're as welcome there as the flowers of May. Come!"

Blake shuddered in a sudden revulsion that turned his flesh like ice, and suffered himself to be led away.

The miner and his wife lived in a little cabin perched on a rocky eminence, no great distance down the gulch, and hard by a place where the stream was spanned by an old and half-dismantled bridge. The husband had an interest in an inconsiderable mineral claim that lay within gunshot, and produced with such uncertainty as to keep them in a state of middling poverty, bordering sometimes on actual want, but never quite touching it. They had no children—a fact that robbed the situation of all its grimness and half of its anxiety, and being tranquilly inclined by habit, they jested with destiny rather than railed at it. Both had seen better days, and had Hobart been alone he would probably have allowed the downward current to drift him where it would, but his wife held him in leash, mainly by a good-natured acceptance of his faults, by which she husbanded her authority for a tactful warfare on his pleasant vices. Moreover, both were largely gifted with sympathy, and as this sprang (although without their knowing it) from an admission of their own weakness, it was as simple as it was tender and true.

Into these fortunate hands the mimic floated on the back wave from suicide. The pair set directly about making him comfortable, with the effect of its being an every-day affair to have such a guest, for the fact was, they had faced the unusual so often since they adventured among the mines that it had become the customary.

Blake sat like a man in a trance that night, and next day he sorely tried the patience of his friends. He was as fretful as a sick child, and would have left at once but for a sense of shame and dread of chaff at his familiar haunts. But gradually he grew calmer, and finally, at the end of a week, settled into an apathetic state that was like the senility of old age, and perhaps was so in truth, for the stormy night of the encounter by the river brink had aged him like a dozen years.

He did not seem to brood, but would sit for hours by the window, his eyes fixed with a sort of childish intentness upon the expanse of river, table-land, and mountain. Now and then he would call Mrs. Hobart's attention to some trifle that diverted him—the serried lines of early birds winging up the gulch, the play of the waters around some eddy, or the grotesque profile of the volcanic rock that towered above the stream. Often he marked the clouds as they drifted against the distant peaks, and when the wind shredded them into long vaporous veils he found resemblance to men and animals in their fantastic tangle, as one sees pictures in the coals. Altogether it was a harmless, innocent existence—a dead calm after a tempest; and it never occurred to the Hobarts that they had an encumbrance on their hands. Their hearts went out to him for his helplessness, there was room enough in the cabin, and one more mouth to feed was not worth talking about. To save appearances there was a pretence of arrangement that he board and lodge with them, but the subject, once dropped, was never again alluded to.

In proportion as his interest in affairs grew less and less, his body failed. He was a little weaker every day, his hands took the color of soiled ivory, with the skin hollowed around the articulations, and new notes and quavers came into his voice; yet it was all so very gradual that he protested, upon his honor, he had never felt better in his life. In spite of the profound inertia that most of the time locked him in his chair, he was not insensible to the kindness of his treatment, and tried to show it by such means as lay in his power. But they were few, and grew less. He had once a pretty knack of drawing, and planned to make a wonderful table ornament out of egg-shells, with sketches on the surface in pen and ink; but he dozed over the design, and waited for a certain tremulousness to pass away, until the egg-shells he had saved broke in their box and were forgotten. Thus with most of his enterprises. He settled, at last, upon cleaning the lamps as the task he was best able to perform, and sat for hours every day dreamily breathing upon the globes, polishing them bit by bit, and gazing at the magnified reflection of his fingers through the convexity of the glass. In that employment summer found him.

When it first became known in town that the Hobarts had given the old man a refuge, the public was inclined to regard the matter as a joke, and waited for developments; but when the change in his condition was bruited about, somewhat colored by rumor, those who felt that they had escaped the very likely burden of his maintenance cordially celebrated the miner's benevolence. It was general talk for a while; then interest in the case died out, and months later all at once revived, for no other apparent cause than that such things come in waves. Mr. Hamilton, who prided himself, as he frequently observed, in anticipating the wishes of a discriminating public, felt this trend of feeling, and proposed a benefit, to take place in his theatre, which he tendered free of charge for the occasion. He threw himself into the cause, and fanned enthusiasm to a flame.

"Here's an old fellow who has broken himself down making people laugh," he said. 'He would make you cry now. He's dying of softening of the brain or something, and who do you think is taking care of him? Why, two people that could give a church mouse points on poverty! He can't last long, and let's keep him from dying on charity. Any obligation?" he added, anticipating possible objection. "None in the world, except that he had money once himself and fooled it away, just as we do; and, by Jove! I say prodigals ought to take care of their own. It's about the only assurance we have against the husks."

The discriminating public responded nobly, and a committee presented the purse, all of which was set forth with great feeling by the local press. Then, having done its duty, and congratulated itself that it had done it well, the public turned its attention to more vital topics; the sudden influx of visitors to the cabin waned like a stream after a freshet, and the old man returned to his lamp chimneys uninterrupted as before.

One day in midsummer Lodeville was startled by a tragedy. Lodeville was not usually startled by anything of the kind, but this affair hinged upon a principle of such universal interest, its immediate details were shrouded in so much mystery and the subject of such diversified conjecture, that it set the town by the ears. The known facts were that one of two partners in a mineral claim that was thought to be worthless, or very nearly so, charged the other with discovering a rich deposit in the property, concealing it, and then persuading him to sell out for a song. Such a ruse was not especially interesting or original, but the new lode developed far beyond even the trickster's expectation, while the duped partner brooded over what he had lost until his wrath amounted to frenzy. While matters stood thus the men met, alone and by night, near the mine that had enriched the one and ruined the other. Some said that a single shot sounded from the darkness, some said two, but at any rate only one man came out alive. What had passed between them, no one could say; the nearest witness heard a jangle of voices—nothing more. The man who strode up from the gulch, with his pistol smoking in his hand, and as ghastly pale as his quondam partner, who lay back among the granite with a bullet through his heart, was Hobart.

Two cardinal principles underlay the rude ethics of the camp, and this case involved them both. One discountenanced the jockeying of any man out of his property, and the other sternly forbade the killing of an unarmed antagonist. The dead man's name was Calvin, he was little liked, the subterfuge by which he had obtained the mine was notorious, and there would scarcely have been two opinions in the matter had his pistol been found by the corpse. But the crowd that hurried up the gulch, drawn by the electric rumor of catastrophe, searched the scene in vain for a weapon. The stark hands that lay outstretched in the rubble, with their palms turned to the stars, were empty.

At this men shook their heads and muttered of assassination. Calvin was hard and sordid, they said; he had played a dastardly game, but he had been shot down in the dark like a dog, without a chance for the life so suddenly filched away from him. There was the keenest curiosity to hear the slayer's story; but although Hobart surrendered without resistance, and professed himself anxious for trial, he kept his lips sealed to all else, and opinion settled quickly and darkly against him. Threats that he had made in the passion of indignation were recalled and construed in the light of the deed that he had done. It was professed that he was distraught and preoccupied when last seen, and had the air of one who nerves himself for desperate things, just as the friends of suicides are prone to fancy that they were very buoyant—"fay," as the Scotch say—before they left the world behind. It was undeniable that he had gone into the gulch armed and furious, and the conclusion that he had sought the encounter was inevitable. Hobart was thrown into jail, and the slow machinery of a capital prosecution began to move.

These were miserable days in the cabin by the river. The wife, after the first shock was over, faced the situation bravely enough, but her heart sank at the ordeal of the future and the peril with which it was fraught. She never once doubted her husband's innocence of crime. She believed that he took life in obedience to the first law of nature—self-preservation—but she shrank from the deed with all a woman's repugnance of blood and violence, and she foresaw, with clearness born of apprehension, that the circumstances would be wellnigh impossible to explain. It is proverbial that one readily believes what is hoped to be, but it is more profoundly true that the dreaded is the only surely credible possibility in life; and fear of the worst preyed on her with an overwhelming certitude of its realization.

She bore this incubus alone. Blake had heard the story in silence, and when she talked with him in her wild cravings for human sympathy and companionship, he answered her with a look of perplexed anxiety and a few assenting phrases. He did not realize, or did not seem to realize, the imminent peril that overhung the little household and threatened to sever it in grief and shame. Once or twice he asked where Hobart was, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, nodded sagaciously and returned to his lamps. The man who sat in his cell with his face in his hands bore by far the lesser burden of those days.

When the trial was called at last, the camp regarded it as a mere formality preceding a sentence, although the prisoner's lawyers cautiously averred that they would clear their client, provided nothing unexpected occurred. Hobart took the stand in his own defence. His story was that on the fatal night he determined to visit the mine and make a last appeal to Calvin's sense of honor. He chose that hour because he knew that the owner himself superintended the night shift. They met, he said, near by the shaft-house, and he was harshly ordered from the premises. He refused to go without being heard, and Calvin, at the word, snatched out a pistol and swore to kill him for a black-mailer. Thereupon he also drew, and they fired so nearly on the instant that one shot seemed the echo of the other. Whether this statement was a desperate expedient merely, or the plain unvarnished tale of the tragedy, he stuck to it tenaciously, and no amount of cross-examination could shake him in its details.

The testimony introduced in support of Hobart's story was inconclusive in piecemeal, but as a whole had cumulative force. It was shown that Calvin also made threats, that he went armed habitually, and one man swore that he saw him with a weapon a few hours before his death. Upon this the lawyers argued, with considerable plausibility, that it was incredible that he would suddenly abandon the practice of years at the very time when his safety, as he well knew, rested with its continuance. The fact that no arm was found was explained by a theory, or rather by an innuendo. It seemed—and this was held pointedly before the jury—that Calvin's foreman, a Scandinavian named Ole Hagmar, was the first man to reach the body. Hagmar was a party to the manœuvre that secured the property, and it was more than intimated that he had done away with the weapon in a sudden inspiration of revenge. In the speeches for the defence it was dwelt upon that Hobart had no motive for the crime, but that every incentive existed on Calvin's part to dispose of a possible litigant in an action for fraud. The trick by which the mine was bought was painted in colors most likely to appeal to a jury of miners, and the deep distress in the prisoner's little home was more than once alluded to. The jury were out about twenty minutes, and returned a verdict of not guilty.

It is ever the case that a defence which rests upon a chain of circumstances no one of which is vital seems weak or preposterous to the casual listener. The jury may have followed it link by link to vastly different conclusions, but the public, having missed the salient little detail, the fact here and the suggestion there, and the trifles light as air that bound the whole together, is apt to cry out, "Monstrous!" Hobart did not escape the operation of this rule. The news of his acquittal spread like wildfire, and was denounced, first tentatively and then openly. Groups discussed it on the street, and declared that it put a premium on murder; that life was no longer safe in the face of such an example. A juryman was even assaulted, and there was a vague, menacing undercurrent that was more significant than the outspoken comment, and which swelled as the latter decreased.

Hobart reached home at dusk, exalted with the knowledge of deliverance, and feverish with the reaction that succeeded the strain. He was in no condition to notice the black looks that followed him down the street, and little he cared. He was free, and a delicious sense of life reopened and peril passed lifted him out of the present and thrilled him, as returning health thrills those who have languished long in mortal travail. There was a strangeness in familiar things, and he could have wept from a tenderness that he could not name.

As night advanced the murmurings of early evening assumed form and focussed themselves about the person of the foreman, Hagmar. Such movements need a leader, and he stepped willingly enough into the breach, for his bitterness toward the slayer of his friend was doubly augmented by the theory coupled with himself during the trial. He was a cool, saturnine fellow, flat-faced, slow of speech, authoritative, dangerous. He alone had not openly counselled violence, and he alone was felt to be the man who would first execute it. The most reckless of the crowd gravitated around him, and a portentous silence fell upon this group.

Let scientists gainsay it as they may, a mob is born from the interplay of mind on mind. The angry discussions and loud recriminations had ceased, but the whole camp quivered with a prescience that something frightful was about to happen. The very idlers who dozed in the public places felt it, and stared at each other with inquiring eyes. There was a subdued hush everywhere. Hagmar and his party had disappeared, and people looked at the clock with the air of those who time an explosion.

In that way an hour passed. Midnight sounded, and by common impulse there was a movement toward the thoroughfare that formed the main artery from the centre of the city to the outskirts. From the mass of the crowd, that now held back and wavered, twelve men on horseback detached themselves and rode toward the gulch.

The little group in Hobart's cabin had sat late, and could not persuade themselves to retire. The miner's excitement had somewhat worn away, and he cast and recast the future with his wife in all the joyous exuberance of a pair of lovers newly mated, while the old man gazed on them with a pleasant fixity. Thus midnight came and went, when presently Blake turned in his accustomed chair and pressed his face against the window-pane. There was something in his movement that caused them to pause with a vague thrill.

"Hobart," said the mimic, and for the first time in months there was a note of firmness in his voice, "who is that man on the bridge?"

A black figure was projected like an equestrian statue against the gray-green background of basaltic rock, silent, motionless, sinister, the left hand holding the bridle rein, the right clinching a rifle barrel poised against the hip. Hobart stared at this apparition, and rushed to another window that opened toward the town. What he saw drove the color out of his face and sent him staggering backward. An arc of riders had formed about the front of the cabin, and over their heads, up the dark incline of the street, he saw the mottled blackness of the throng.

"My God!" he breathed, "they're after *me!*"

The woman started up with a cry and flung her arms around him, but he did not heed her, and stood, with dilated eyes, breathless and listening.

In this moment of agonized suspense a strange mutation came upon the mimic. A veil seemed to drop from his face and clarify it of its blankness and apathy. There was a sparkle of forgotten light in his eyes, and a firmness that was long a stranger mastered the trembling of his limbs. He drew the window curtain with a steady hand, and turned to man and wife.

"You must go," he said.

Hobart stared at him wildly. "How can I go? The house is surrounded!"

"Leave that to me," replied the old man, quickly. "Strategy is all that can save you now. We must throw those fellows off some way. Go and stand by the back door, both of you, and when I give the word, slip out. You can be over the divide by daylight. Hurry! I tell you it is life or death!"

In the press of peril neither noted Blake's curious rejuvenation. They obeyed like children. "But the bridge?" faltered the man.

"Heavens! Hush!" replied the mimic. "Leave the bridge to me."

"Hobart, we want you!" came an imperious voice from the darkness.

As Hagmar shouted these words his followers craned a little forward, and, after a pause, saw the curtain of the cabin window slowly drawn, and the figure of a man, indistinguishable except in outline, stood silhouetted upon the square of light.

"Is that him?" the riders asked each other. The next instant their question was answered by Hobart's familiar voice:

"What do you want?"

"You know what we want," said Hagmar, sternly. "Will you come out, or will we have to go in and get you?"

"This ain't fair, boys," returned the man at the window. "I've been tried and acquitted."

"Oh, curse that farce! It's no use talking, Hobart; we have you dead to rights. But we don't want to hurt your folks, if we can help it. Now, then—last call—will you come out?"

"Give me five minutes to decide."

There was a word of consultation in the ranks, and Hagmar drew out his watch, while several rifle barrels were levelled at the window. A whistle sounded, and the sentry on the bridge galloped into the group.

"Hobart," said the foreman, "this is wasting breath. We'll give you two minutes to live. Put them in praying or any way you want to; and don't budge, or you'll draw the fire before the time is up."

The figure at the window did not stir; but before the brief grace was over, a horseman at the end of the line shouted to Hagmar that a man and woman were crossing the bridge.

"Let them cross," replied the leader, curtly. "What do we care? We have the man we're after; let the other rats run if they want to. Now, boys," he added, "when I snap my watch—"

"Say, fellows," broke in the voice of the miner, pitched in a hoarse appeal, "make it five minutes, won't you? Two minutes ain't time to—"

Hagmar made a sign with his hand, and a detonation echoed up the gulch. The window-glass shivered to splinters at the sound, and the man behind it flung out his arms and fell across the sill.

Once the deed was done, the slayers were seized with a certain panic, and scattered as chaff scatters in an eddy of wind; but the terror they inspired lingered behind them, and it was dawn before the first man crossed the rocky esplanade before the cabin. He lifted the body in his arms, and started backward with a frightened oath. It was the corpse of Hasbeen Blake.

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE building now in course of erection for a national library, or, as it is called, the "Congressional Library," will be, on its completion, the most admirably arranged, the most commodious, and the largest library building in the world. The original library was begun in 1800, but was destroyed by the British when they burned the Capitol in 1814. The purchase of the library of Mr. Jefferson, containing about 7000 volumes, was the basis for the rebuilding of the library. In 1851 it was burned by accident, and at that time it had increased to 55,000 volumes, of which all but 20,000 were destroyed. It was rebuilt in 1852, and Congress appropriated $85,000 to repair the loss, and by annual appropriations the increase has been constant. With the addition made by the transfer of the Scientific Library of the Smithsonian Institution, the purchase of the historical collection of the late Peter Force, and the constant accumulations under the copyright law of 1870, it has grown into a vast collection, embracing in its various departments 615,000 volumes, besides 200,000 pamphlets. This huge collection has overrun all the space allotted to it under the rebuilding in 1852, and has no longer any rooms unoccupied in the Capitol, and hence the floors, alcoves, and every available space it can command are piled up in a seeming chaotic state to the general visitor; but the able and accomplished librarian, Mr. Spofford, and his many assistants, extract from the mass any book, paper, or pamphlet asked for. In addition to the large number of books and pamphlets and maps and drawings, engravings, music, etc., contributed by the copyright law, there are 7000 volumes of newspapers, embracing the London *Gazette* from 1661 to 1881, the London *Times* from 1796 to date, the *Journal des Débats* from its origin (1789), the New York *Herald* from its commencement, the *Evening Post* from 1801, the *National Intelligencer* from its commencement, and many other newspapers of this and other countries. This huge mass of learning is universal in its range; no department of literature or science is unrepresented, and it is very rich in the early histories of America.

The necessity for some provision to even store this large and constantly increasing mass of books has occupied the attention of Congress for some years. Plans were submitted, and the one which met the most favorable consideration at the time was the proposal to extend the eastern centre of the Capitol 375 feet, and provide for the library in that extension. The estimates made by Messrs. Walter & Clarke put the cost of this extension at $4,500,000, and it would only provide for the library and its natural increase for the period of forty years. Such an amount to be expended for only temporary relief determined Congress to provide for a separate building devoted exclusively to the library. The priceless collections of old engravings and of modern art to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris and in the British Museum in London have long made those cities the resort of artists from all parts of the world. Space in the new building will provide for the exhibition of the enormous quantity of engravings, newspapers, maps, music, and sketches of value which at present is unavailable to the general public.

The dimensions of the great library building will be 470 feet long by 340 feet wide, with cellars and three full stories and an attic, giving abundant room for the present and the future demands of the library for many generations. The large rotunda, which will be the general reading-room, will be 100 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. Its octagon walls, pierced with windows on every side, and the huge dome—a great skylight—render it impossible that any shadow can obscure the book of the reader in whatever part of the rotunda he may be seated. The building as at present designed provides for the contemplated and natural increase of 30,000 volumes a year for a period of 130 years, and at that far distant period it will contain 5,500,000 books.

Inside, the building when completed will contain ample provision for 4,500,000 volumes, and when the vast court-yard is required, provision can there be made for an additional 1,000,000 books. Mr. Spofford furnishes the following comparison with the great libraries of the world as the best illustration of its proportions, and the provision it affords for many generations to come:

La Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris..	2,500,000	vols
	150,000	MSS
The Arsenal Library " ..	300,000	vols
St. Geneviève " " ..	250,000	"
Mazarin " " ..	160,000	"
Royal " Madrid.....	430,000	"
" " Naples.....	200,000	"
" " Vienna.....	400,000	"
" " Munich.....	900,000*	"
" " Dresden....	500,000	"
University, Göttingen............	500,000	"
Library, Berlin...................	700,000	"
" Strasburg...............	513,000	"
Royal Library, Copenhagen......	550,000	"
Imperial Library, St. Petersburg..	900,000	"
	350,000	MSS
Harvard "	291,000	vols
Astor "	250,000	"
Boston Public Library...........	400,000	"

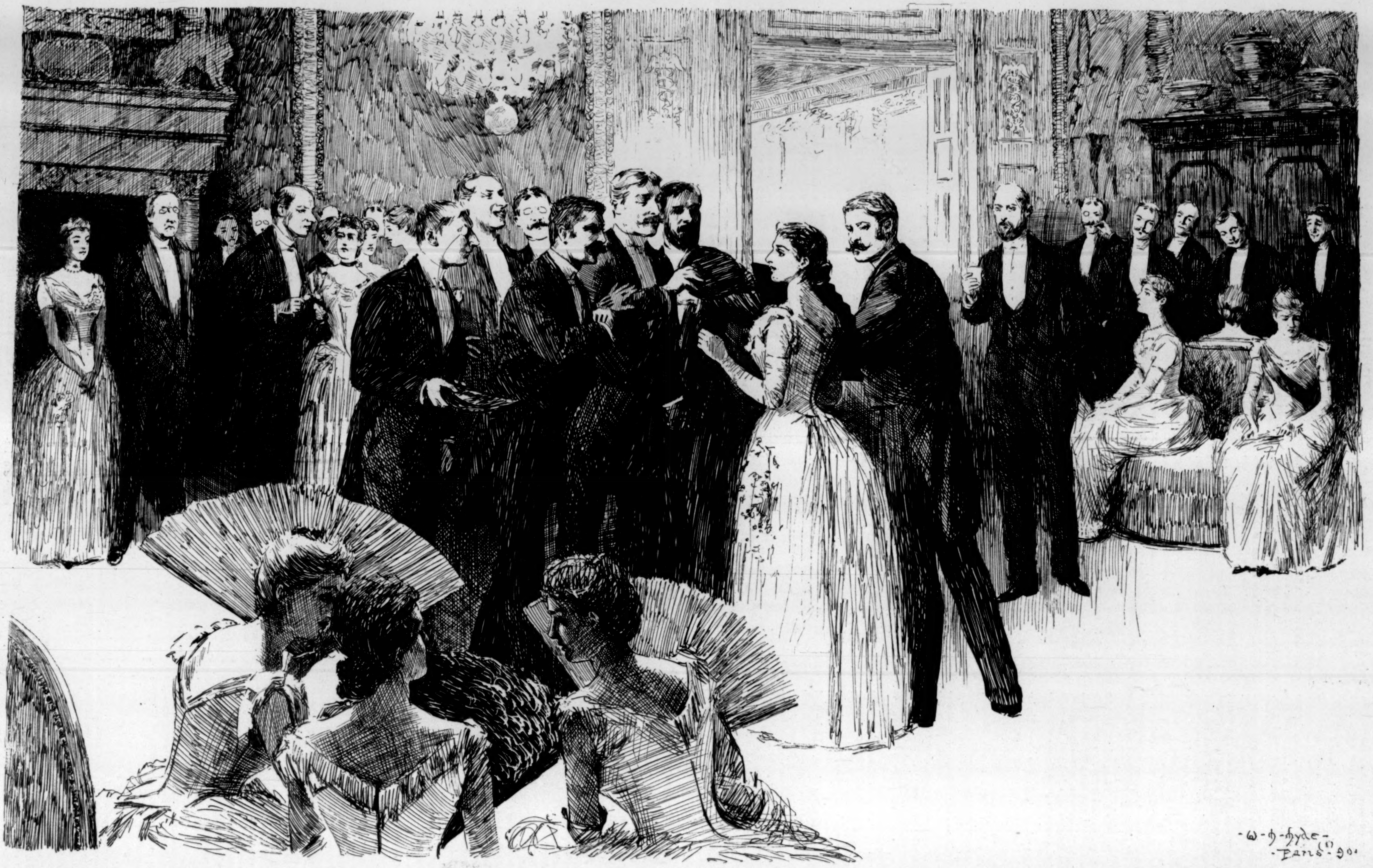
Each of the public departments at Washington is provided with libraries, and the aggregate number of volumes contained in all were, in 1876, 656,000 volumes, and pamphlets, 116,000 volumes.

The style of architecture, which possesses all the requirements as well as the possibilities of adornment for such a great edifice, is the Italian Renaissance. The building will occupy about four acres, and when the court-yards are utilized, as time may demand, that space will be entirely under roof. The British Museum and Library occupy about eight acres, but that space is filled with separate buildings, and accommodates the very large collection contained in the British Museum. The large mass of paintings, antiquities, and innumerable objects of interest in every known department of knowledge grows so rapidly in this great national depository that enlarged accommodations are soon to be provided.

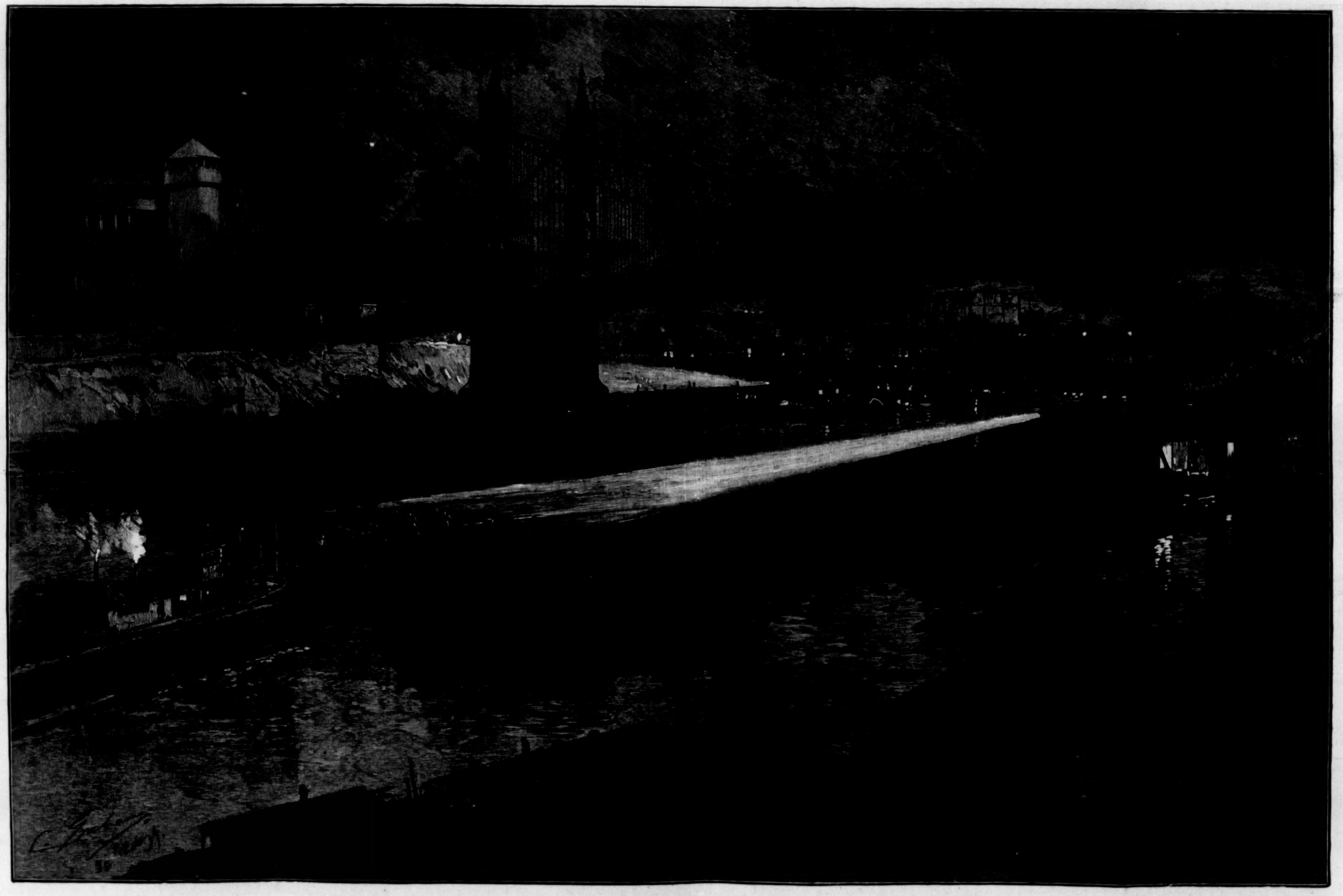
The national library of France, the Bibliothèque Nationale, occupies four acres, and the books contained in it outnumber any library in Europe; but for the student and general reader the great mass of them are unavailable, for they remain in that state of chaos, uncatalogued, as when during the Revolution and subsequent wars they were dumped, as so many bricks, when carted from the monasteries and the ruined châteaux and libraries of the despoiled nobility. No attempt seems to have been made to catalogue them, and no catalogue beyond 1870 has been made in this really great depository of learning. It has long been a subject of regret to the world in general that no attempt has been made by any of the governments by which France has been ruled since 1789 to bring order out of the literary chaos. The municipal libraries of Paris, however, meet all the requirements of her people. There are distributed throughout the city at least fifty libraries, where books, drawings, and music are loaned to those engaged in the studies needing these accommodations. In this particular mode of education it far surpasses any city in the world. Some one, writing on this subject, asked of the custodians or the librarians in charge of these municipal branches if the books, music, and drawings were not frequently mutilated and many of them never returned. They replied, the mutilation was only the usual result of handling, and never of design; and the loss of the books lent was very rare.

This great national library of America will be completed by the year 1897—fully completed—and turned over to the charge of the librarian and custodians of the vast building. The work of building the library is under the charge of the engineer department of the War Department—Brigadier-General Casey, Engineer-in-Chief; Bernard R. Green, superintendent and engineer; and Mr. Peltz, architect. Separated entirely from the grand library, in another building, erected especially for it, is the engine-room for heating the library. The coal vaults are removed from all connection with the main edifice, and therefore the entire absence of dust, heat, etc., so destructive to books, is provided for. The light will be by electricity only.

* 13,000 published before 1500 A.D.


W. H. Hyde Paris '90

THE WAY WE CONQUER ENGLAND TO-DAY.—Drawn by W. H. Hyde.—[See Page 467]



MAKING UP A TOW BY SEARCH-LIGHT AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 470.]

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

III.

The first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Then come thirst, throbbing, and agony, and a ridiculous amount of screaming. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mittu from the house-top called "Tota! Tota! Tota!" Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by overfond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy, and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved. There are not many hells worse than this, but he knows one who has sat down temperately to consider whether he is or is not responsible for the death of his wife.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone, and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun, he might have lived. But, oh, my life! say that I am guiltless. Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee! Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame. Before God, none. It was written, and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here! *Ahi! ahi!* Oh, Tota, come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace! peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me, rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh, that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me—and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien, mother of my son?"

"What else, sahib?... Oh, forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I have put thee from me, though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away, to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed it was the pain that spoke, and not thy slave."

"I know—I know. We be two who were three. The greater need, therefore, that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof, as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I—I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer."

"I love more, because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together; and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I know," said Ameera, in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar*, and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar*, and began a song of the great hero Rajà Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery rhyme about the wicked crow:

"'And the wild plums grow in the jungle—
Only a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *Baba*—only'"....

Then came the tears and the piteous rebellion against fate, till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body, as though it protected something that was not there.

It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the Evil-Eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught—it is naught," and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty, wherein men fed well and the crops were certain and the birth rate rose year by year; the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth. It was time to make room. And the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat, talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red dhak-tree, that had flowered untimely for a sign of the sickness that was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove! I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship—dined next him—bowled over by cholera, and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestry-men of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Dun'no'," said the Deputy Commissioner, reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north—at least, we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the winter rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too!" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the Government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief works. It's an ill wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme, then," said Holden—"famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no! Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazars*," said a young civilian in the secretariat. "Now I have observed—"

"I dare say you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the mean time I wish to observe to you—" And he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart.

Holden went to his bungalow, and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another, which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land, carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the footboards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages; and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying on the platforms reeking of lime-wash and carbolic acid. They died by the road-side, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills, and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All—unless, perhaps, there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold white *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the Hills, and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard, and—"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps—thou hast made me very English—I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger nail—is that not small?—I should be aware of it though I were in Paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die—ai, janee, die!—and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love."

"But love is not born in a moment, or on a death-bed."

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least, and, by God, and the Prophet, and Beebee Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindoo temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those days. There was a service in the great Mahommedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the gray dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick, and needed a little breathing space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine relief, cholera sheds, medicine distribution, and what little sanitation was possible went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to hold himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera; and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded—so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud, "And?"—said he.

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, heaven born. It is the Black Cholera."

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long-deferred rains were at hand, and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the court-yard, whimpering: "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, sahib?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty border-land where the living may not follow. The Black Cholera does its work quietly and without explanation. Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was either afraid or in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof, and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little, and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of taking in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words on his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved."

Then she died. Holden sat still, and thought of any kind was taken from him till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, sahib?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterward take an inventory of the furniture in this house; for that will be mine. The sahib does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, sahib, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God be silent awhile! Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"Sahib, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it that the bed—on which—on which—she lies—"

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired—"

"—That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house gear is worth a thousand rupees, and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence, and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house fittings forgot to mourn. Holden staid by Ameera's side, and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room, and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm, through ankle-deep dust. He found the court-yard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs, a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buckshot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the sahib's order," said he. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning. But remember, sahib, it will be to thee as a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence, whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands, and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky, and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered: "Oh, you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, sahib, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover, the shadows come and go, sahib. The shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and scoured the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and washed open the shallow graves in the Mohammedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only: "Ricketts, Myndonie. Dying. Holden. Relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather. The rank earth steamed with vapor, and Holden was vermilion from head to heel with the prickly-heat born of sultry moisture.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung drunkenly from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the court-yard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the veranda, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The *tick-tick* of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and that other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord—portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was over-looking his property to see how the roofs withstood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, sahib?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, sahib," he said. "When I was a young man I also— But to-day I am a member of the Municipality. Ho! ho! No. When the birds have gone, what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down; the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning ghat to the city wall. So that no man may say where this house stood."

THE END.

THE HONEY-MOON.

When the clover's in its prime,
Then's the sweetest marriage-time.
They the longest honey-moon
Have who marry now in June,
When the earth's been wooed and won,
And the summer's just begun;
When the daylight loves to stay,
And steals half the night away;
And the moonbeams shine so deep
That there seems no time for sleep;
When the air throbs with the gush
Of the silver-throated thrush,
And the soil has felt the thrill,
And bursts into bloom at will,
Imitating every shade
That the skies have ever made;
When the perfume, songs, and light,
Earth's fulfilment of her plight,
Steal into the human heart,
Making all the love chords start
Into harmonies so sweet
That there seemeth no retreat
But to sing and blossom, too,
Just as birds and flowers do.

Mary A. Mason.

MR. SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF LA CARMENCITA.

The full-length portrait, by Mr. John S. Sargent, of La Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, of which we give a reproduction, was shown at the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and attracted a great deal of favorable notice. It is one of the most brilliant productions of a painter who is chiefly known by his remarkable works in portraiture, and it illustrates in an eminent degree the striking characteristics of his art. The subject is one that is well suited to his powers. The picturesque young woman, whose grace in the movements of her peculiar dance has called forth such admiration from artists as well as from the public, is shown just as, with her hands resting on her hips, her head thrown back, and her right foot a little forward, she is beginning the graceful changes of posture that will fascinate the spectators before her. She wears a dress of yellow satin, which is seen through an over-skirt of white lace, and a scarf of the same diaphanous material is thrown across her arms and bust. Her youthful and expressive face is of the Spanish type of beauty, and her dark hair and eyes and red lips are in harmony with her rich complexion. The artist has well indicated the sense of movement in her posture, and the figure as well as the countenance of the dancer is full of expression, and both are painted with extraordinary breadth and freedom.

It will be remembered that it was through Mr Sargent's admirable treatment of a similar subject that his skill in this direction was first brought to the notice of lovers of art in America. "El Jaleo," which was exhibited after his return from Spain, some ten years ago, represented a woman dancing in a Spanish *posada*, while a group of her companions, ranged against the wall, accompany her with guitar, tambourine, and castanets The present work, while possessing much of the extraordinary power and dash of the earlier picture, is far more pleasing in its subject. It is remarkable for its harmony of treatment as well as for the breadth and vigor which characterize it, and the lithe, graceful figure that is so strikingly portrayed will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen the picture. Like "El Jaleo" and the works of a similar character from Mr. Sargent's brush, this portrait shows the influence upon him of Velasquez, and it worthily reproduces for us some of the most admirable characteristics of the great Spaniard's art.

Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, of American parents, thirty-five years ago. In his twentieth year he went to Paris, and entered the studio of Carolus Duran, whose portrait he soon afterward painted in a style that attracted favorable notice. His works, many of which have been shown in the Salon, have been marked by such vigor and brilliancy of treatment as to place him among the foremost of American painters. The pictures which he contributed to the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists illustrated the versatility as well as the brilliancy which are among the qualities of his art. He has been called a "painters' painter," and it is true that the technical excellence of many of his works that have been seen in the exhibitions appeals more especially to the artist than to the general spectator. Yet such a picture as this portrait of La Carmencita can hardly fail to win the admiration of the casual observer.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

There are not less than fifteen gentlemen, and on one young lady their thirty eyes are focussed. A mob of men two ranks deep rise and desire presentation. It is evident that the prelude to the dance has just been floating through the rooms. You will observe the methods employed so as to obtain recognition. Poses are various, and crush-hats are sported by the suitors in different ways. The engaging youth with the eye-glass handles his hat as if it was a salver, while there is an imploring, supplicating manner about one gentleman who holds his hat before him. The sensation the Ameri can girl makes goes beyond those who are nearest to her. Away beyond, where there are six men and three ladies, the attention of five of the men is directed toward the same young lady. And how does the American girl take all this homage? There is no expression of surprise. She has often been subjected to the same conditions. She looks supremely cool, not exactly indifferent. She might have an instant's hesitation—an *embarras de choix*, let us say—but just before she rose, having first with a graceful pat arranged her skirt, she had cast her eyes over the lot (she says "lot," that being very English), and had made her decision.

Mr. Hyde shows very properly all the little by-play of the situation. There are whisperings arising from the three young ladies in the front of the sketch. Of course, behind their fans they have scanned the American as to looks, set of gown, and can find nothing to disparage. As to that group in the distance, one young woman shows mitigated dislike as she stares into vacancy, while the other young person to the extreme right is in high dudgeon. It is wretched to be a wallflower, and exhibitions of temper under such circumstances are to be forgiven. What is amusing to the American girl, who is conscious of her social success, is the staid ceremonial which accompanies such so-called festivities. Its solemnity ought to impress her. It has quite the contrary effect. Something she is entirely wanting in is pity for the others, those young ladies, who, if they do not remain exactly fixtures, at least are asked to dance after her. She rather likes having the first choice of cavaliers. That is what she was born for. Under such circumstances commiseration for others is out of place. What that girl has is a certain charm of her own, a wonderful good taste in dress, an *aplomb* which forces consideration (something English people invariably bow before), and then again she can dance, and dance as few can. And talk! Just let her have a sympathetic partner, and when the dance is over, the fortunate man will say: "There is more real fun in that American girl than in a roomful of English ones. It's style and action that conquer England to-day"

JOHN JASPER, CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

John Jasper, who at the last meeting of the Board of Education of New York city was elected City Superintendent of Schools for a sixth term, is a man still in the prime of life, being now in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was born on Manhattan Island, and after a preparation in the public schools, was admitted to the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated in 1856 After a year's experience as assistant engineer on the Central Park survey under General Viele, he was appointed an assistant teacher in Grammar School No. 9, and in 1864 he succeeded to the Principalship. His efficient management of this small school gained him promotion to the Principalship of Grammar School No. 51 in 1866.

In 1872 the growth of the school system called for the appointment of two additional Assistant Superintendents, and Principal Jasper was one of the two selected by the Board of Education. While acting in this capacity he was intrusted with the duty of supervising and directing the work of the teachers in introducing a new and extended course in drawing. Under the heavy strain of his duties his health broke down, and he spent a short time in Florida. His recovery was rapid, and on his return to New York, he resumed his labors with his accustomed energy. In September, 1879, he was elected to succeed Henry Kiddle, who had resigned his position as City Superintendent of Schools.

Mr. Jasper had been teacher and Principal in the evening schools, and teacher and Principal in the Evening High-school, and this, coupled with his experience in the other positions held by him, had given him an insight into the school system in all its phases and details. He was thus enabled to bring to the use of the Board of Education and its committees a large fund of practical knowledge, and in accordance with his suggestions and recommendations salutary changes have been made in the courses of study, and improved methods of instruction have been introduced.

THE GREAT GERMAN SHOOTING FESTIVAL.

The tenth Deutsche Bundesschiessen, or German Shooting Festival, will be held at Berlin in July, and promises to be the greatest meeting of riflemen and members of shooting clubs ever seen. A central committee of all the Schuetzen corps of Germany and Austria arranges such a meeting once in three years, and this year the invitations sent to German riflemen all over the world have been so generally accepted that the committee estimates that no less than sixty thousand men will take part in the contests. Unlike the English and Americans, who devote themselves exclusively to making scores when they go to shooting matches, the Germans introduce the element of sociability into their sports, take their wives and children to the rifle range, have parades and banquets, and get a great deal of all-round enjoyment out of their meetings.

A great many German-American shooting societies will be represented at Berlin, and most of the members who go to the meeting will be accompanied by their families, and make their trip a holiday excursion to the father-land. The steam-ship *Wieland* was chartered by the New York Independent Schuetzen Corps, to sail for Europe on the 12th of June with several hundred shooters and their families as passengers. Thirty-five members of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps and the representatives of the New-Yorker and New York City Corps went by the regular line steam-ships at an earlier date. All will meet in Hanover on July 3d, and proceed directly to Berlin, where they will find all arrangements made for them by an advance committee consisting of Messrs. William V. Weber, Alexander Stein, and Gus Zimmermann.

Matches will be shot in Bremen and Hamburg before the grand festival, and some of the American representatives will take part in them. When the corps go to Berlin they will enter the Unter den Linden by the Brandenburg Thor, march to the palace, with American, German, and corps flags flying, and listen to a speech of welcome from the Emperor. Afterward they will march to the City Hall, where they will be received by the Mayor.

The Independent Corps will give a banquet at the Kaiserhof on the evening of the Fourth of July. They will entertain 100 guests of honor, and they expect the Emperor to attend, although that point is not definitely settled. Minister Phelps will be present, and will respond to a patriotic American toast. Mr. William V. Weber, the Festpraesident, will preside at the banquet.

On the 5th of July there will be a grand parade in Berlin of all the Schuetzen corps, and the Americans will have a great open-air reception in Kroll's Garden, near the Thiergarten. The shooting will begin at five o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, July 6th, and continue until the 13th.

The programme of the festival shows that the Schuetzen corps take little or no interest in long-range shooting. All their matches will be shot off-hand at ranges of 175 and 300 metres, equivalent to 200 and 328 yards. There will be 112 targets for the use of the riflemen, divided equally between the two ranges, and nearly $100,000 worth of prizes will be distributed among the contestants at the end of the festival. The target at the 300-metre range is oblong in shape, 90 centimetres high, and 45 centimetres wide. The black centre is 57 centimetres high and 12 centimetres wide. A shot in the black counts 2 points, and in the outer part of the oblong it counts 1 point. The 175-metre target has a round bull's-eye 30 centimetres in diameter, with an inner ring of 15 centimetres. Most of the fine sharp-shooting will be at the shorter range. A great variety of special targets will be used also, such as the running deer, at 60 metres; the jumping hare, at 35 metres; and disappearing targets, to test quickness of sight, etc.

On Tuesday, July 8th, the sharp-shooters who have entered their names within a prescribed time will contest for supremacy in rapidity and accuracy of fire. The man who makes the greatest number of bull's-eyes within a certain number of minutes, or a certain number of points in the shortest time, will win the first prize. Ten cups are the prizes offered in this quick-shooting contest. Most of the contests are open to all comers upon payment of a small entrance fee. A fee of six marks will secure an admission card for the whole festival, and any foreigner not a member of a Schuetzen corps can become a member and engage in the field-shooting by paying three marks.

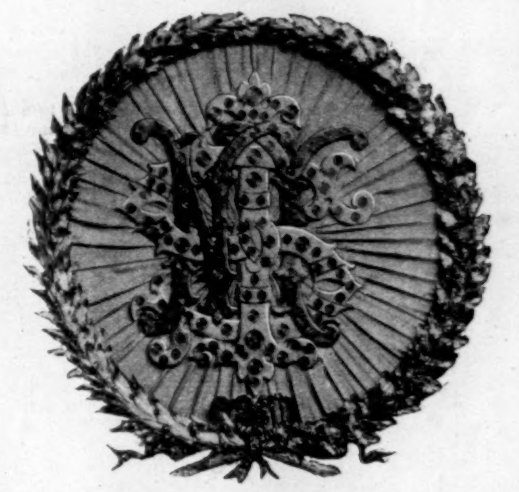
The rules of the range admit any kind of rifle weighing not more than 12½ pounds. Plain open sights must be used at the 300-metre range, but at 175 metres a peep-sight is allowed. The front sight must be open at all ranges. The three-pound trigger-pull rule is not in favor with the Germans, and they admit hair and set triggers without discrimination.

Several targets will be devoted to revolver and pistol shooting at a distance of 38 yards, and it is expected that many army officers will take part in the revolver matches. No professionals will be allowed to participate. The Schuetzen corps have not paid much attention to revolver practice, however, and only a few members of the American societies will shoot at the pistol range. Mr. Alexander Stein, who is the best marksman with a revolver in the Seventh Regiment, is probably the only one who will try to win a prize with the smaller weapon.

The American contingent hopes to achieve the most fame in the team matches, and with that object in view a number of the best marksmen have been selected from the various corps to shoot for places in a team of five men. Mr. Weber, the Festpraesident; Captain Diehl, of the Independent; Captain Sieburg, of the New York Central; Captain Meyer, of the New York City; and Captain Wehrenberg, of the New-Yorker Schuetzen Corps, are fair shots, but they do not aspire to places in the team, which probably will be made up from the following list: Gus. Zimmermann, Bernard Walther, Alex. Stein, David Miller, F. W. Hofele, G. Homrighausen, A. Begerow, S. Kraus, and Mr. Fischer. If Strecher and Jacoby, of San Francisco, go to Berlin, they will be added to the list. Strecher is one of the best off-hand marksmen in the country, and was credited last winter with the best score on record at 200 yards.

Gus. Zimmermann is Captain of the Bull's-Head Rifle Club, and a member of the Zettler, New York Independent, New York Central, and German-American Sharp-shooters. In the contest at the American Institute in 1889 he won the first prize by a score of 2604 bull's-eyes, the next highest being Frank Ehret's string of 1604. In a match with Hofele, at 200 yards, Zimmermann made 601 bull's-eyes in three hours, his opponent making 325. The Tiffany cup was won by Zimmermann at Creedmoor last year.

Bernard Walther is President of the Zettler Rifle Club, and a member of the New York City, German-American, and Bull's-Head clubs. Mr. Walther's record places him among the best off-hand marksmen in the country. He defeated Sergeant T. Dolan in the off-hand matches at the last fall meeting at Creedmoor. With a repeating rifle he has made 232 points out of a possible 250 in 1 minute 32 seconds.



TROPHY PRESENTED BY THE INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.

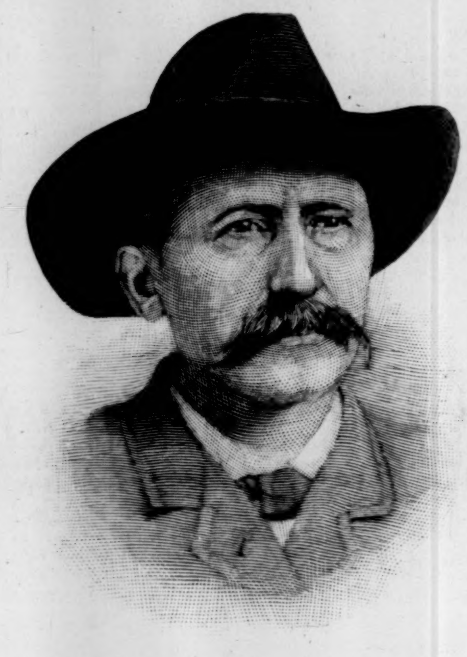
Alex. Stein, shooting-master of the Bull's-Head Club, is the high-score man of the Seventh Regiment. He has made a good record with the military rifle at Creedmoor, and is expert with the revolver.

David Miller, of Hoboken, is a veteran sharp-shooter, and being steady and reliable in team shooting, he probably will be one of the five.

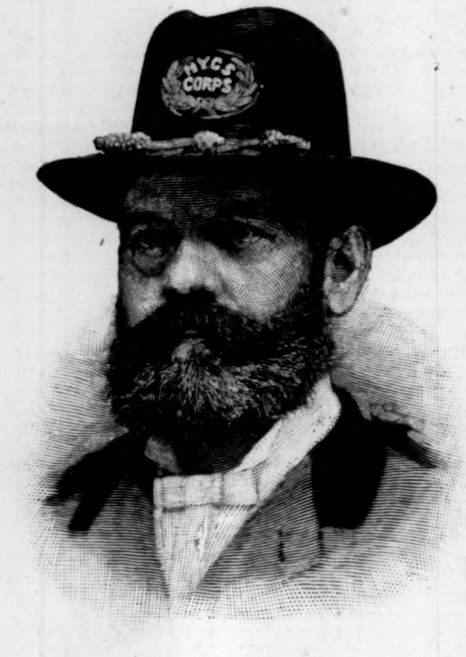
Messrs. Hofele, Kraus, Fischer, Begerow, and Homrighausen are all excellent marksmen.

The team selected to represent the German-American societies will shoot a match at Bingen, after the festival, with the best team of any German club. The last contest of all will be at Neustadt, where a day will be spent in individual prize and team shooting.

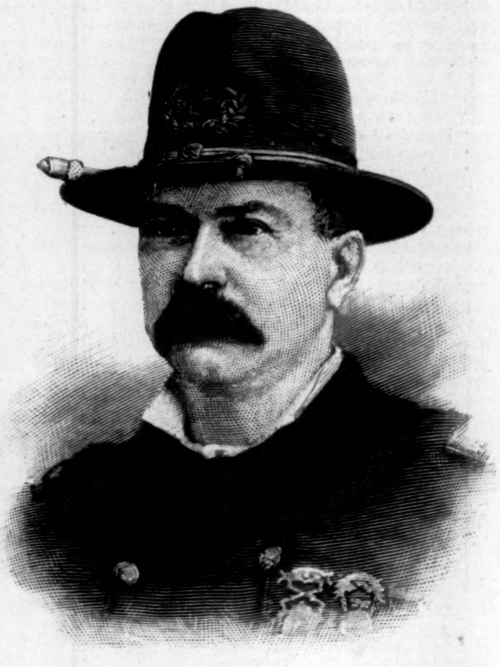
The Californians who will compete in Berlin for honors and prizes are Philo Jacoby, John Utchig, Captain F. A. Kuhls, Jacob Haff, Fritz Boeckmann, F. Plagerman, and F. Gercken, all members of the California Schuetzen Club and expert marksmen. Mr. Jacoby is President of the club, and one of the best shots in the country with either the German target rifle or the military weapon. He was born in Prussia, and has been a citizen of San Francisco for thirty years. He is the editor of a weekly paper called *The Hebrew*, and is prominent in all athletic affairs, being one of the founders and ex-director of the famous California Athletic Club. Mr. Jacoby's record as a rifleman is as follows. Took first prizes at the great United States shooting festival in Jones's Wood, New York, in 1868; first prize in Germany in 1868, and received there a needle-gun from the War Department of Prussia; took first prize at



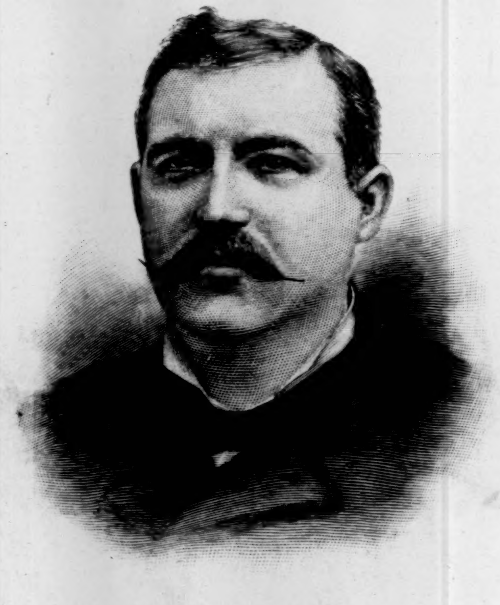
PHILO JACOBY, OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.



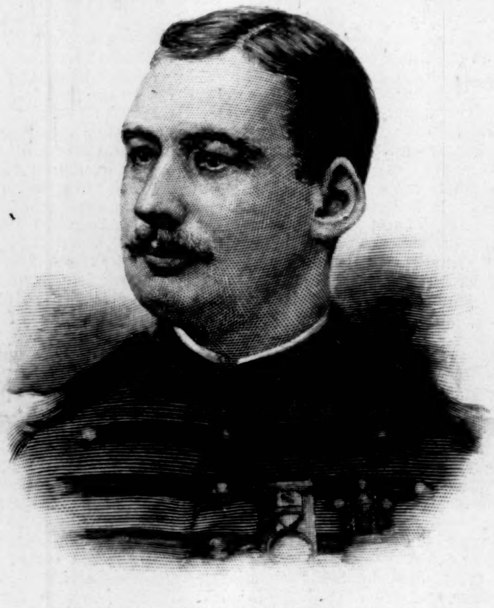
CAPTAIN JOHN C. MEYER, NEW YORK CITY SCHUETZEN.



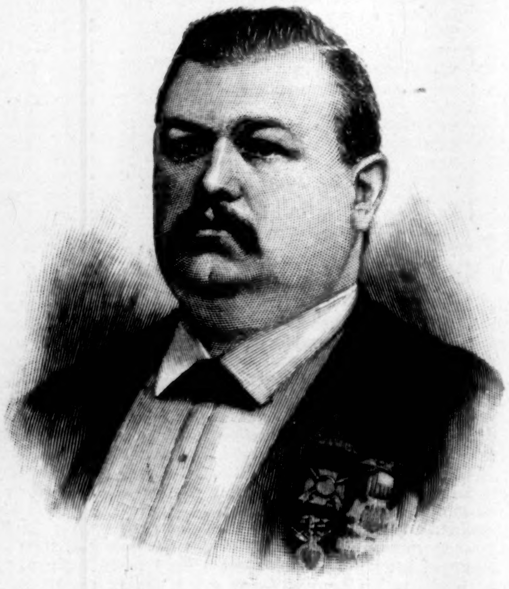
CAPTAIN GEORGE WEHRENBERG, NEW-YORKER SCHUETZEN CORPS.



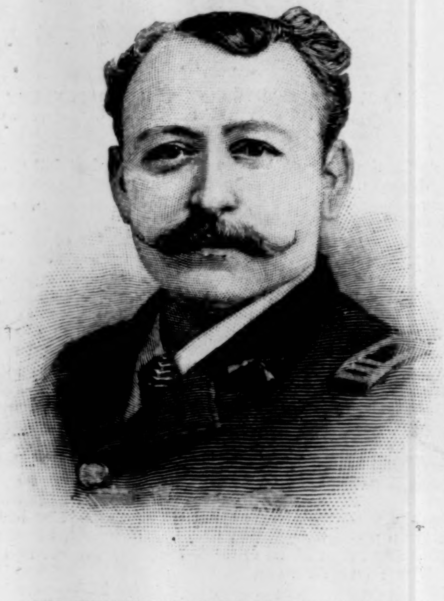
CAPTAIN GEORGE SIEBURG, NEW YORK CENTRAL SCHUETZEN CORPS.



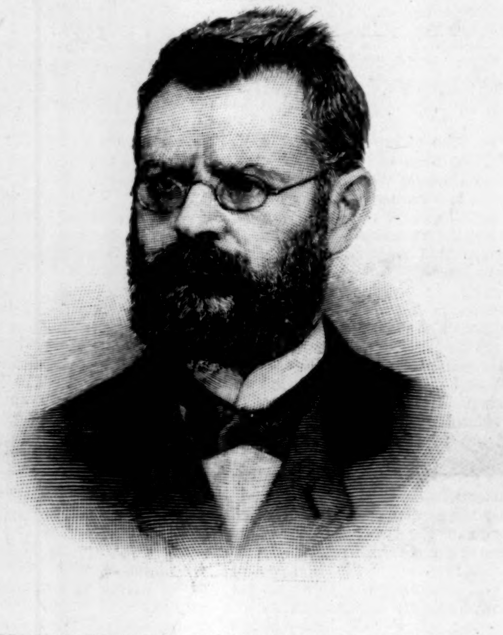
ALEXANDER STEIN, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.



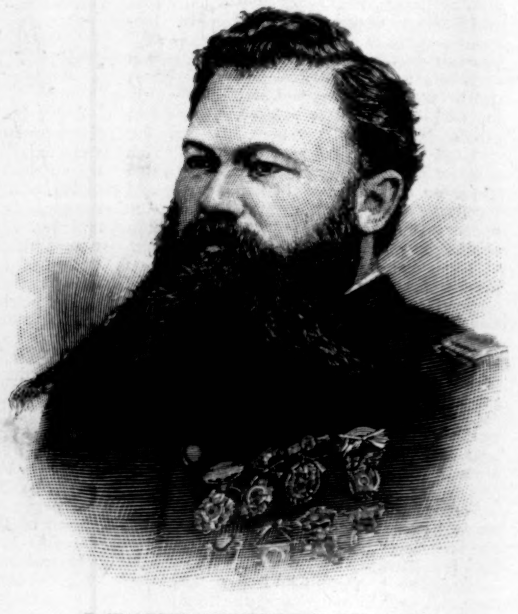
CAPTAIN J. J. DIEHL, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.



GUS. ZIMMERMAN, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.



WILLIAM V. WEBER (FESTPRAESIDENT), INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.



B. WALTHER, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.

GERMAN-AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES AT THE GERMAN SHOOTING FESTIVAL TO BE HELD AT BERLIN IN JULY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

Cincinnati, 1870; Shooting King at Washington, D. C., 1870; Shooting King in Zürich, Switzerland, 1873; first prize in Vienna shooting festival at World's Fair, 1873; took first goblet and became Shooting King in German shooting festival at Düsseldorf, 1873; commanded California Schuetzen Club team in the Centennial shooting match at Philadelphia, 1876, when the team took the champion cup, and Jacoby received a gold medal for the highest score of the team. Mr. Jacoby possesses twenty-four silver goblets, many medals, and a championship belt. In the Berlin shooting he will use a plain Winchester single-loader. The Californians expect to do some good work in the matches with the open-sight rifles. In a match with the famous Nevada military team twenty men of the California Schuetzen Club made the unprecedented average of 87½ per cent.

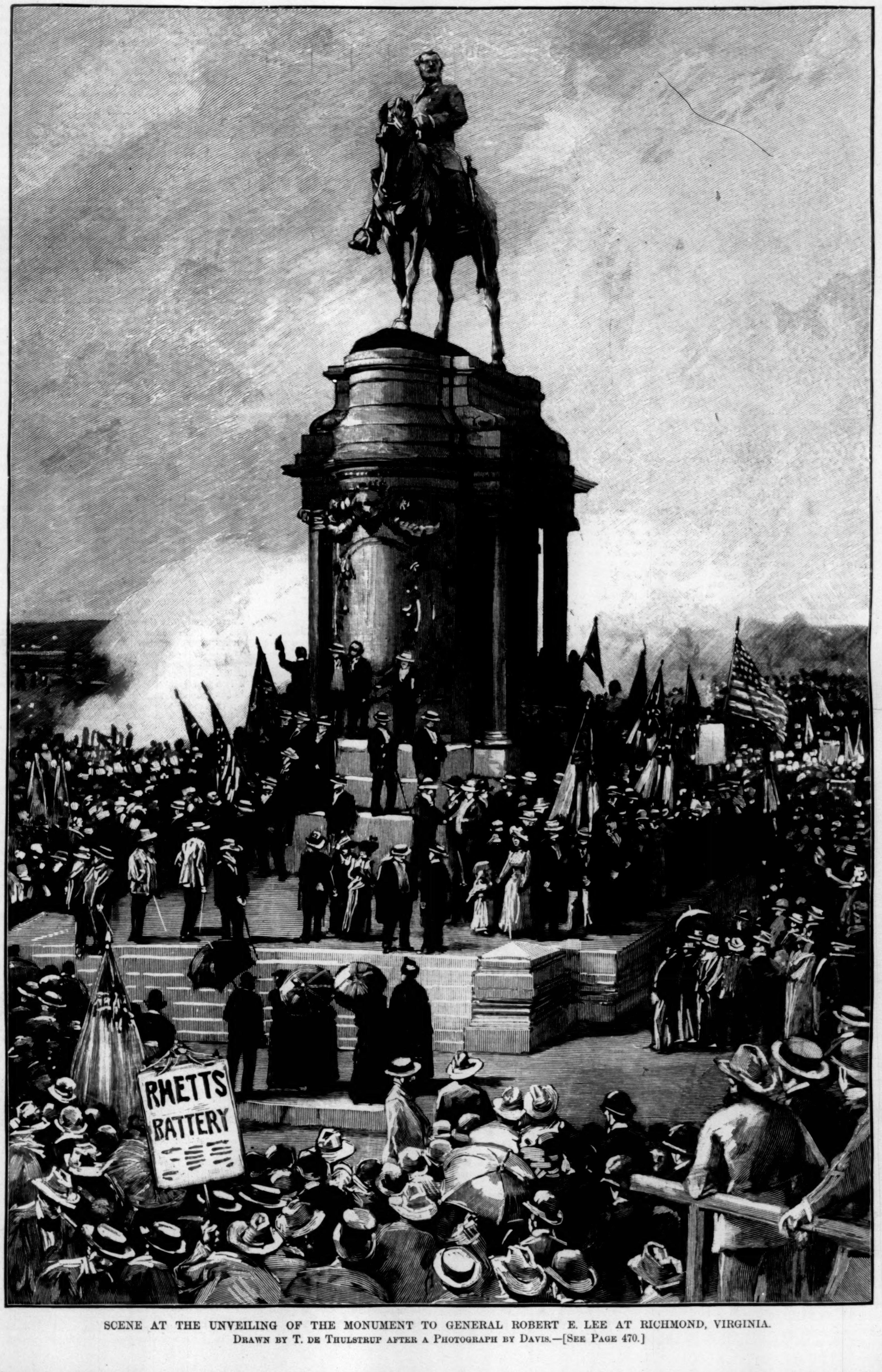
The prize contributed by the Californians consists of a large vellum sheet, upon which, in the shape of a five-pointed star, are gold and silver coins of the United States, each point containing a $20, $10, $5, and $2 50 gold piece. The German and American colors are combined in the star, and above is the inscription:

„Ehrenpreis für das deutſche Bundesfeſt für die Feſtſcheibe „Deutſchland," gewidmet von deutſchgeborenen und deutſchfreundlichen Bürgern San Franciscos."

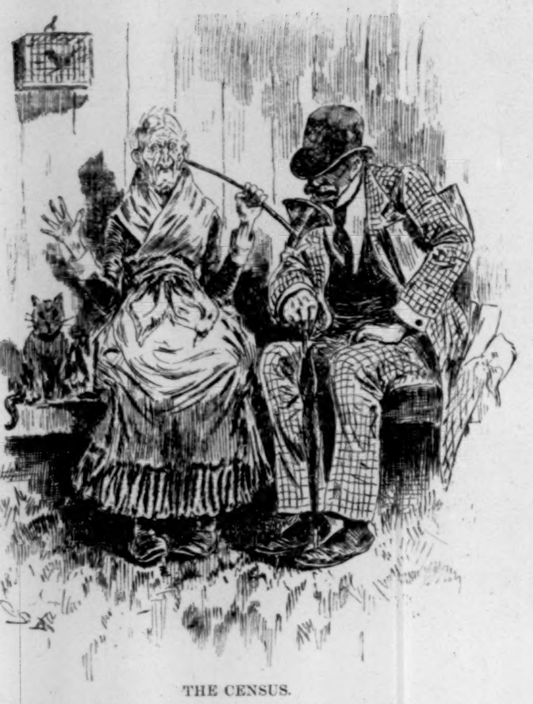
The New York Independent Schuetzen Corps also contributes a handsome prize, consisting of the corps monogram in red, white, and blue velvet, ornamented with gold pieces to the value of $600. The trophy is three feet square.

The Californians will carry in the parade in Berlin a silk flag, designed by Jacoby, to combine the colors of the State and the United States. It has the regulation thirteen stripes, but in place of the blue field is the grizzly bear of California.

The marksmen who arrive early in Europe will take part in the Bremen festival on June 15th, and the Hanover festival on June 22d. After the great festival in Berlin some of them will go to Switzerland, to compete in the Federal shooting festival at Frauenfeld on July 20th.



SCENE AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 470.]



THE CENSUS.

CENSUS-TAKER. "Good-morning, madam; I'm taking the census."
OLD LADY. "The what?"
C.-T. "The c-e-n-s-u-s!"
O. L. "For lan's sake! what with tramps takin' everythin' they kin lay their han's on, young folks takin' fotygrafs of ye without so much as askin', an' impudent fellows comin' roun' as wants ter take yer senses, pretty soon there won't be nothin' left ter take, I'm thinking."

THE LEE MONUMENT AT RICHMOND.

The occasion of the unveiling of the Lee statue at Richmond, Virginia, on the 29th of May, possessed features that render it a unique event in history. It was a mighty tribute to the central figure of a lost cause, attended by an undercurrent of satisfaction even that the cause was lost. The man commemorated was the chief General in a four years' war waged to rend in pieces this union of States, and perhaps no better proof of the willing relinquishment of that object could be furnished than by what was said, as well as written between the lines, in the celebration in question. There certainly, if anywhere, was to be found the residuum of the feeling that existed in the South but little more than a quarter of a century ago, and in the accounts given of this vast assembling there is no evidence whatever of any lingering intelligent repugnance to the Union or of a desire for the re-enslavement of the blacks.

The Confederate flag was everywhere conspicuously displayed. The military companies affectionately bore it in the line of march, but with it they bore the Stars and Stripes, and bore them loyally. The paradox is explainable only by the fact that the former no longer meant disunion. It stood, rather, for past trials and heroism in adversity looked back upon from the standpoint of changed views and unforeseen prosperity. The very spot on which the monument stands, now laid off in avenues and streets to supply the wants of the city's growth in population and wealth, was farmland at the time of the war. How far the cause of the cleared vision is indicated by this evidence of progress need not be dwelt upon. It is enough that though the memory of the struggle must remain, its bitterness is gone to an extent that once was deemed impossible. The national flag was not exhibited at Richmond, prominently as it appeared, as a matter either of policy or of courtesy, but with the honest feeling that it was owned and belonged there. During the ceremonies this sentiment was constantly cropping out, and in no case was it more felicitously expressed than in the address of Miss Fanny Dickinson at a presentation of a stand of colors, peculiar in design, to the New York Camp Confederate Veterans. "Take it," she said, "and wreathe it in graceful folds with the flag of your country, as I do now, and love the one as the sentiment that awakened in your souls the grandest deeds of daring performed by mortal man, and revere the other because you are Americans—patriots—and it is your flag."

All sections of the South were represented in the great throng that took part in and witnessed the proceedings. It is estimated that more than twenty thousand men were in line of march, and four times that number of people in the streets. The resources of the city were taxed to the utmost to entertain the host of visitors, and if the accommodations in some respects fell short, the situation was accepted in good spirit. The procession formed about noon, with General Fitz-Hugh Lee at its head. Every Southern State supplied its quota of veterans and militia. There were many thousands of the former, and they greeted their old commanders who were present with hearty cheers. Among those thus hailed were Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal Early, James Longstreet, and Gordon. The fact that General Longstreet's Republican affiliations since the war did not in the least diminish the ardor of his reception by the ex-Confederate soldiers strengthened the abundant evidence that it was the influence of old associations, and not political feeling, that dominated the scene. In the line were Misses Mary and Mildred, the two daughters of General Robert E. Lee, who were repeatedly cheered. The sons, General W. H. F. Lee and Captain Robert E. Lee, Jun., were also present.

The site of the memorial is at the western end of Franklin Avenue, one of the finest residence thoroughfares of Richmond, and here the great crowd gathered and the dedicatory speeches were made. About four o'clock Governor McKinney, chairman of the association under whose auspices the monument was erected, opened the exercises with a short speech. He was followed by General Early, and he in turn by the Rev. Dr. Charles Minnegerode with a prayer. Then the orator of the day, Colonel Archer Anderson, was introduced, and made an appropriate address, giving a record of Lee's life, his conscientiousness, devotion to duty, sacrifices, and the salient excellencies of his character in general. When the orator had concluded, General Joseph E. Johnston pulled the cord which held the covering of the statue, and the figure was quickly exposed to the multitude, who greeted it with enthusiastic shouts. A picture of the monument is printed in the present issue of the Weekly. The height of the whole structure is 61 feet 2 inches, the pedestal being 39 feet, and the equestrian figure itself 22 feet and 2 inches. The latter is of bronze, by the sculptor Marius Jean Antoine Mercié, of Paris, and has been represented and described in detail in a previous number of this periodical. The effect of the whole is, in a high degree, satisfying from an artistic point of view, and is an important addition to the adornments of Richmond.

The opinion has with much reason been expressed that an occasion of such magnitude as the one described, with reference to the late Confederacy, is not likely ever to be repeated. General Lee personified what was best in a bad cause. His individual virtues gave the Southern people, who craved a demonstration commemorative of an indelible epoch in their lives, something substantial and unquestionably creditable to rally around. The honor to the hero of their vain struggle has been paid, and the full conditions for another such gathering are wanting. It may therefore be surmised that in the great outpouring of the ex-Confederates at Richmond the final obsequies of the war of secession have taken place, and the circumstances attending it show how completely the wounds of the conflict have been healed, and a most important chapter of American history closed.

Amos W. Wright.

MAKING UP A TOW.

Our inland rivers, the great natural canals which so gridiron our country, have contributed largely to the prosperity of the United States. In spite of the competition of the railways, these broad watercourses still make an indispensable feature of our traffic system, and will always continue to do so. The Ohio River, made up of the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela at Pittsburgh, was probably more important as a channel of commerce in the past than at the present time. Yet the stern-wheel tugs and steam-boats, which have for more than fifty years added to the picturesqueness of a beautiful river, have by no means outlived their utility. The river, used but little now for passenger travel, bears over its placid bosom great quantities of heavy freight, especially coal, that product in which Pennsylvania stands by far and away the first among the States. Pittsburgh is the great *entrepôt* of the coal and iron region of western Pennsylvania as well as a great manufacturing centre. From this distributing-point millions of tons of the raw material of heat are sent West and South, in spite of the rivalry of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky as producers of bituminous coal. The cheap river freights of the Ohio River enable the collieries to compete favorably with those located nearer the points of consumption. Pittsburgh, owing to the discovery of natural gas and its utilization as fuel, has ceased to be a great consumer of coal, and the old sobriquet of the "Smoky City" has no longer any force. But none the less does she supply vast quantities of coal to other sections. The freighting on the Ohio, mostly done by barges propelled by heavy tugs, consists largely of bituminous coal. The barges are massed into a huge raft, and these are pushed by a stern-wheel steamer, instead of being tugged or pulled as is the general fashion in Eastern waters. The stern-wheeler, a survival of old days, is rarely seen at the present time except in such inland rivers as the Ohio, subject to extreme low water, and impeded at places by sandbars or shallows.

Mr Graham's picture on page 465 is a graphic illustration of the process of "making up a tow" for the Ohio.

The scene is on the Monongahela, just at the point of confluence with the Alleghany. The suspension-bridge connecting the city with its suburb of Birmingham looms up massively in this night scene. The dark sweep of the river is suggested by the stream of electric light which shoots its glare far out into the gloom. Indistinctly seen below is a mass of barges being arranged compactly into a raft. One can almost fancy that he sees the forms of the rough and burly boatmen at work, and that he hears their shouts and oaths, the latter being generally regarded by river men as a necessary stimulant to the doing of good work. It is a singular fact that almost all those who earn their living on the water are excessively addicted to the use of profane language. The Western boatman has no rival in the profusion and originality of his swearing except the one who is even his master in the art—the army teamster. The whole spirit of the picturesque scene is admirably embodied by the artist, and any one familiar with Pittsburgh will at once recognize its lifelikeness.

THE FOG.

The lapping waves meet, jostle, and with faintest whimperings subside. Foam-crests rise and sink with silvery soundings, and yet you cannot see them. You know that the sea is rocking your vessel as she would a cradle, so gentle and subdued is she. You feel the pulses of the ocean, but her visible throbbings you know nothing about. It were in vain to try and pierce with your eyes the unfathomable depths of the fog. The softening of the sounds, the blending of it all in one sweet lullaby, add to the mystery of the mist. It so happens that human senses changing in their ordinary functions, strange mental conditions arise. There is nothing akin to dread, for nature seems so restful. That vast distance which stretches on from man to the firmament no longer exists. There is no indeterminable space. The fog cloud surrounds you and seems palpable. The mystery of it ever remains, but it is a mystery that does not frighten. Nature has not swathed herself in a pall, for the drapery she trails is not leaden nor sombre hued. She sweeps her lamb's-wool garments over the sea-tops, and with long white skirts she smooths out the undulating waves. Gravely decorous is she, showing nothing of unseemly haste. She is not joyous nor melancholic, but rather soothing. Man seems conscious that Nature has withdrawn, then, some one of her mighty possibilities, and in sympathy with her too he forgets all her other humors.

Whatever may be the psychological condition the fog at sea engenders in a man's mind, it is not one of entire rest. Nature is not, as he knows, stagnant; and yet the fog-bank acts strangely on the brain. He follows the haze

> "In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,"

and he gives it form.

It is mirage, but a material mirage, because more readily grasped. Now the Spirit of the Fog takes shape, and beckoning, leads on her followers. Long troops of white clouds with cowled heads track over the deep and are lost in the far distance. In solemn procession they move slowly by. See! the leading form, a woman, with sad, pensive mien, intimates the direction that swirling band shall take. Her horse makes no splash on the main. The water drips from his upraised hoof, but makes less noise than would a burst of foam bubble in the calm sea. But a single plaint from her lips, and the illusion would have been gone. 'Tis the symphony of the sea she listens to; and as she drifts past the music of it is sung in an undertone.

Catching the impression of the sea fog, Mr. F. S. Church's picture, lately exhibited at the Society of American Artists in New York city, presented an artist's conception of this weird natural phenomenon. It is the spirituality of the composition which renders this work so conspicuous. Oceanids, nereids, and salt and fresh water witches luring seafaring men to their doom have been much worked out by artists. In this creation of Mr. Church's the difficult problem was presented of giving form and outline to what was impalpable. The grace of the female figure, the delicacy displayed in the materialization of the mist, have never been more happily worked out.

In Mr. F. S. King's engraving, the fine hand of an artist who makes his work subordinate to the aims of the painter is at once perceptible. The graver never cut wood more delicately. The picture sweeps across the page, and as you watch it, is suggestive of the shifting banks of fog that follow on and on and are lost. That which in the many pages of prose description is but as a weak solution, Wordsworth crystallized in three lines of verse.

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream,"

and then you get at what is the highest of artistic conceptions.

THE GAME OF BOWLS.

During the last two or three years there has been a great revival of interest in the game of bowls, or in the more particular form of that sport in this country—American tenpins. Especially during the last winter the pastime has become more wide-spread and has obtained more followers than perhaps any other in-door sport. Indeed, bowling has much the same prominence in winter that base-ball has in summer, but with the distinction that while the great majority of those interested in base-ball are spectators, most of the adherents of bowling are actual participants of the game. In New York, Brooklyn, and adjacent cities the popular favor of the game has been marked. Clubs without number have sprung up and tournaments have been held, bringing together the best teams and individual bowlers.

Bowling had an interesting history and had been the subject of many legal enactments before it was finally evolved into the highly respectable and scientific game that it is to-day. The sport, as is proved by historical references and court records, dates back to the twelfth century. In early times, as at the present day in England, the game was played upon a lawn called a bowling green. The game was very intricate and difficult to play, and bore little resemblance to the American sport. During the reign of Edward IV., alleys somewhat like the American kind were for the first time used. In the reign of Henry VIII., the word "bowling" for the first time appears.

The American game of bowling is a survival of Dutch rubbers, which, in turn, was an evolved form of one of the ancient varieties of bowls. The original sport was doubtless introduced directly into this country by the Dutch. The staid Dutch settlers marked out a space at the lower end of the island of Manhattan, and here as they rolled were heard sounds similar to those that greeted the ears of the legendary Rip Van Winkle. Thus the spot where the game was played has been made historic by the name of Bowling Green. Just as in England, alleys soon followed the out-door bowling lawns; but there was not here, as there, a return to the out-door sport, so the American game became a purely in-door pastime. The game was first played with nine pins, but as a law was passed against it, on account of the evils of gambling and drinking that had grown up about the sport, a tenth pin was added in order to evade the law; and thus tenpins has become recognized as the national sport of the kind, though many other forms of bowling are played more or less.

On November 13, 1875, eleven clubs met and formed the National Bowling Association, and from that time bowling has been recognized as a standard sport.

Bowling as now played is a highly perfected game, with rules and regulations quite as exact as govern any other sport. The regulation alley is sixty-four feet long and three and a half wide. This is of polished wood and carefully constructed, so as to avoid the slightest warping. At the far end of the alley, sixty feet from the regulation line, ten pins are arranged in a triangle, the pins being equidistant from each other, with the apex toward the player. The regulation pin is fifteen inches high, fifteen inches in circumference, and measures two and a quarter inches across the bottom. The player tries to knock down as many pins as possible with large balls of polished wood. This seems an easy task, but the persistency with which some pins cling to their bottoms even when the ball crashes into the triangle is disheartening to the beginner.

A game consists of ten "frames," and each player rolls thirty balls in all, three in each "frame." If ten pins are knocked down by the first ball, a "strike" is secured; if all the pins are knocked down by two balls, a "spare" is made; and if three balls are rolled, the result is a "break," and the bowler counts as many pins as are knocked down. The method of counting is somewhat complicated, but easily mastered by a careful study of the game in progress. It is thus seen that the individual limit of play is 300 points, and the team limit will be a multiple of this number, teams usually consisting of either five or ten men.

Among the changes that have rendered the game more scientific and therefore more popular has been the introduction of balls with finger-holes. In the old style of play, balls necessarily smaller, but in any case unwieldy, were grasped in the palm of the hand, and thrown rather than rolled. Counterbalancing the greater difficulty of bringing down the pins, their bases were smaller than now, and they were placed nearer together. Now the balls have finger-holes, which give the bowler more perfect control at the moment of delivery. To the beginner, bowling appears a sport that needs but slight practice to render it proficient. A little way down the alley ten pins stand close together, and it seems an easy task to roll the ball into the triangle, and knock over all the pins; but a little acquaintance with the game shows that there are points of scientific play which serve to make it a subject of close study, and render possible constant improvement. There are a few rules which underlie good bowling.

Alleys are provided with balls from about two pounds to slightly less than sixteen pounds in weight. The beginner should take a small ball that is easily controlled, gradually increasing the size to the largest that can be used effectively. Put the thumb and third finger in the holes, and stand just back of the regulation line. Hold the arm perfectly straight, and let it swing like a pendulum. Swing the ball backward until the arm is on a level with the shoulder, then bring the ball downward so that it comes within an inch of the floor, and, if possible, just brushes the alley. At this very instant release the ball, when it will go without jar or bound. One of the most common mistakes of bowlers is that the moment of delivery of the ball is postponed until it is on the upward swing, when it is thrown rather than bowled, and goes bounding down the alley. The bowler should not lose control of the ball at the moment of delivery. In order to make a "strike," the ball should not hit the head pin directly in the centre, but a trifle to one side, between the first and second pins; otherwise a path is quite likely to be cut through the triangle, leaving some pins standing on both sides, and consequently a difficult "spare."

Finally, in order that the pins may be scattered as much as possible, a twist should be put on the ball at the instant of delivery. A great question among bowling experts is as to the relative excellence of the centre ball, which is rolled straight down the alley, and the cross ball rolled from the side. Opinion is about equally divided on the subject, and a somewhat critical analysis of the last season's playing fails to show any marked superiority in the work of either style of bowlers. The cross ball obviously is the more difficult. Perhaps the work of straight-ball rollers is more steady, while that of the cross-ball rollers is at times more brilliant, occasionally high scores being made, and often poor ones. There are a few who roll a curved ball, but as this style of play depends on the power of the ball to catch the wood, it is evident that until all alleys are of uniform smoothness, like a billiard table, this style of play cannot be rendered scientific. It requires, of course, considerable skill to roll a ball sixty feet and hit the head pin, but it requires more to pick off the difficult "spares"; and it is here that pretty and scientific play comes in.

That the game has the elements of enduring popularity is shown by the fact that clubs like the Our Club, the American Bowling Club, and others, have been organized for several years, and have continued to play season after season with but slight change of membership. The pastime has, besides, many features to commend it. The elements of scientific play and skill are applied to a sport of a not too violent nature, and there is an entire absence of danger. In driving balls with precision at a distant point there is required keenness of vision and coolness of control, and there comes greater muscular development and an increased grace and freedom of carriage. Some sports require more skill, others more exertion, but few, if any, unite these qualities so admirably. The game is adapted alike to women, men of sedentary habits, and to those most proficient in athletic sports. There is, further, a clearly defined limit to team records—a limit that may be more and more nearly approximated, but doubtless never reached. It may be said in this connection that the Phœnix Club of this city has a record of 1885 out of a possible 3000 points. While it would be hazardous to say that this has not been excelled in some remote alley or unheard-of game, yet it is regarded as about the record score of a ten-men team made on a regulation alley. In the recent *Herald* Amateur Bowling Tournament, which doubtless brought together the best individual bowlers and teams that ever met in a bowling contest, the highest record for a five-man team was 969 out of a possible 1500, and the highest individual record was 258 out of a possible 300. The Jersey City Athletic Club won the championship with an individual average of 175 4-45. In Brooklyn the Echo Club has done some notable bowling during the past season, as has the Phœnix Club, of this city.

An especially interesting fact about bowling is that the best bowlers are found not among the professionals, but among those strictly amateurs. This fact has been potent in giving a high standard to the game, and in making it popular with all classes. Aside from a multitude of independent clubs, there are clubs formed from various organizations. It is almost needless to say that every athletic club has its picked team of representative bowlers. The Produce Exchange has an excellent team; so has the Consolidated Stock Exchange; and there are teams selected from the big houses of Wall Street, from the national banks, from the silversmiths, and a host of other organizations, many of the representatives being expert bowlers. There is also much bowling in the city clubs, and some of them, like the University Club, of this city, and the Lincoln Club, of Brooklyn, hold elaborate tournaments.

Nor is bowling confined to men. Women have recently taken it up, and have shown an ability to surmount those difficulties which are supposed to obtain against their acquiring proficiency in sports requiring free play of the arm, as in throwing the ball. Some excellent bowling has been done during the season by women. The new Ladies' Berkeley Athletic Club has some finely constructed alleys devoted exclusively to women's use. Some very creditable scores have been made also at the Knickerbocker Bowling Club's tournament by the women as well as the men. The number of clubs composed of both women and men is very large, bowling parties having become a social feature, alleys being rented one evening each week.

So popular, indeed, has the sport become that even now, before the season has fairly closed, most of the alleys have been engaged for next season, new ones are being projected, new clubs are forming, and everything indicates increased prosperity and interest in the game.

CHARLES S. REINHART.

WE Americans are accused of making too much ado about our celebrities, of being demonstratively conscious of each step that we take in the path of progress; and the accusation has its ground doubtless in this sense, that it is possible among us to-day to become a celebrity on unprecedentedly easy terms. This, however, at the present hour is the case all the world over, and it is difficult to see where the standard of just renown remains so high that the first stone may be cast. It is more and more striking that the machinery of publicity is so enormous, so constantly growing, and so obviously destined to make the globe small, in relation of the objects, famous or obscure, which cover it, that it procures for the smallest facts and the most casual figures a reverberation to be expected only in the case of a world-conqueror. The newspaper and the telegram constitute a huge sounding-board, which has, every day and every hour, to be made to vibrate, to be fed with items, and the diffusion of the items takes place on a scale out of any sort of proportion to their intrinsic importance. The crackle of common things is transmuted into a thunder, which is perhaps louder in America than elsewhere for the reason that the sheet of tin shaken by the Jupiter of the Press has been cut larger. But the difference is only of degree, not of kind; and if the system we in particular have brought to perfection would seem to be properly applied only to Alexanders and Napoleons, it is not striking that these adequate subjects present themselves even in other countries. The end of it all surely no man can see, unless it be that collective humanity is destined to perish from a rupture of its tympanum. That is a theme for a later hour, and meanwhile perhaps it is well not to be too frightened. Some of the items I just spoke of are, after all, larger than others; and if, as a general thing, it is a mistake to pull up our reputations to see how they are growing, there are some so well grown that they will bear it, and others of a hardy stock even while they are tender. We may feel, for instance, comparatively little hesitation in extending an importunate hand toward the fine young sapling of which Mr. Reinhart is one of the branches. It is a plant of promise, which has already flowered profusely, and the fragrance of which it would be affectation not to notice. Let us notice it, then, with candor, for it has all the air of being destined to make the future sweeter.

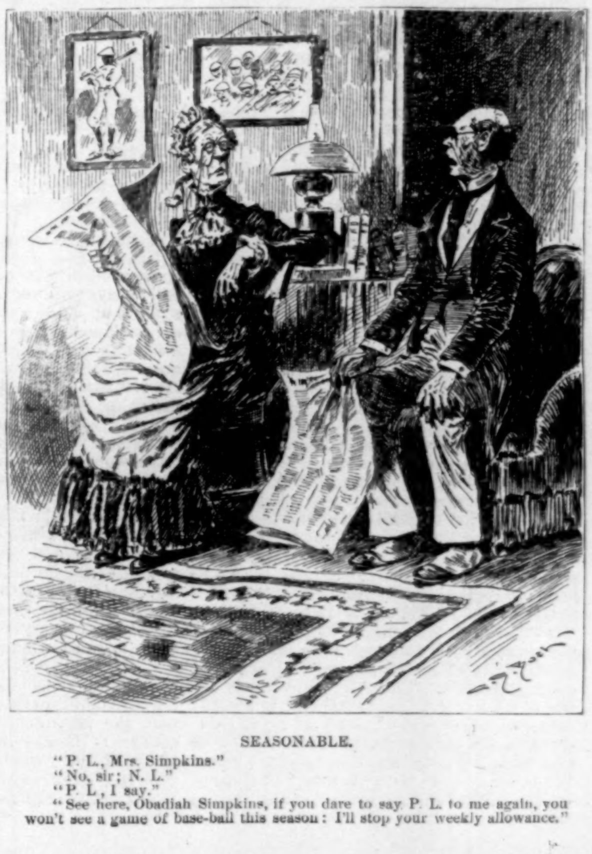
The plant in question is of course simply the art of illustration in black and white, to which American periodical literature has lately given such an impetus, and which has returned the good office by conferring a great distinction on our magazines. In its new phase the undertaking has succeeded; and it is not always that fortune descends upon so deserving a head. Two or three fine talents in particular have helped it to succeed, and Mr. Reinhart is not the least conspicuous of these. It would be idle for a writer in these pages to pretend to any diffidence of appreciation of his work; for they are studded, from many years back, with the record of his ability. Mr. Reinhart took his first steps and made his first hits in HARPER, which owes him properly a portrait in return for so much portraiture. I may exaggerate the charm and the importance of the modern illustrative form, may see in it a capacity of which it is not yet itself wholly conscious, but if I do so Mr. Reinhart is partly responsible for the aberration. Abundant, intelligent, interpretative work in black and white is, to the sense of the writer of these lines, one of the pleasantest things of the time, having only to rise to the occasion to enjoy a great future. This idea, I confess, is such as to lead one to write not only sympathetically but pleadingly about the artists to whom one looks for confirmation of it. If at the same time as we commemorate what they have done we succeed in enlarging a little the conception of what they may yet do, we shall be repaid even for having exposed ourselves as fanatics—fanatics of the general manner, I mean, not of particular representatives of it.

May not this fanaticism, in a particular case, rest upon a sense of the resemblance between the general chance, as it may be called, of the draughtsman in black and white, with contemporary life for his theme, and the opportunity upon which the literary artist brings another form to bear? The forms are different, though with analogies; but the field is the same—the immense field of contemporary life observed for an artistic purpose. There is nothing so interesting as that, because it is *ourselves*; and no artistic problem is so charming as to arrive, either in a literary or a plastic form, at a close and direct notation of what we observe. If one has attempted some such business in a literary form, one cannot help having a sense of union and comradeship with those who have approached the question with the other instrument. This will be especially the case if we happen to have appreciated that instrument even to envy. We may as well say it outright, we envy it quite unspeakably in the hands of Mr. Reinhart and in those of Mr. Abbey. There is almost no limit to the service to which we can imagine it to be applied, and we find ourselves wishing that these gentlemen may be made adequately conscious of all the advantages it represents. We wonder whether they really *are* so; we are disposed even to assume that they are not, in order to point the moral, to insist on the lesson. The master whom we have mentally in view—Mr. Reinhart is a near approach to him—may be, if he will only completely know it, so prompt, so copious, so universal — so "all there," as we say nowadays, and indeed so all everywhere. There is only too much to see, too much to do, and his process is the one that comes nearest to minimizing the quantity. He can touch so many things, he can go from one scene to another, he can sound a whole concert of notes, while the painter is setting up his easel. The painter is majestic, dignified, academic, important, superior, anything you will; but he is, in the very nature of the case, only occasional. He is "serious," but he is comparatively clumsy; he is a terrible time getting under way, and he has to sacrifice so many subjects while he is doing one. The illustrator makes one immense sacrifice, of course — that of color; but with it he purchases a freedom which enables him to attack ever so many ideas. It is by variety and numerosity that he commends himself to his age, and it is for these qualities that his age commends him to the next. The twentieth century, the latter half of it, will, no doubt, have its troubles, but it will have a great compensatory luxury, that of seeing the life of a hundred years before much more vividly than we—even happy we—see the life of a hundred years ago. But for this our illustrators must do their best, appreciate the endless capacity of their form. It is to the big picture what the short story is to the novel.

It is doubtless too much, I hasten to add, to ask Mr. Reinhart, for instance, to work to please the twentieth century. The end will not matter if he pursues his present very prosperous course of activity, for it is assuredly the fruitful vein, the one I express the hope to see predominant, the portrayal of the manners, types, and aspects that surround us. Mr. Reinhart has reached that happy period of life when a worker is in full possession of his means, when he has done for his chosen instrument everything he can do in the way of forming it and rendering it complete and flexible, and has therefore only to apply it with freedom, confidence, and success. These, to our sense, are the golden hours of an artist's life; happier even than the younger time when the future seemed infinite in the light of the first rays of glory, the first palpable hits. The very sense that the future is *not* unlimited, and that opportunity is at its high-water mark, gives an intensity to the enjoyment of maturity. Then the acquired habit of "knowing how" must simplify the problem of execution and leave the artist free to think only of his purpose, as befits a real creator. Mr. Reinhart is at the enviable stage of knowing in perfection how; he has arrived at absolute facility and felicity. The machine goes of itself; it is no longer necessary to keep lifting the cover and pouring in the oil of fond encouragement: all the attention may go to the idea and the subject. It may, however, remain very interesting to others to know how the faculty was trained, the pipe was tuned. The early phases of such a process have a relative importance even when, at the time (so gradual are many beginnings and so obscure many a morrow), they may have appeared neither delightful nor profitable. They are almost always to be summed up in the single precious word practice. This word represents, at any rate, Mr. Reinhart's youthful history, and the profusion in which, though no doubt occasionally disguised, the boon was supplied to him in the offices of this periodical. There is nothing so innate that it has not also to be learned, for the best part of any aptitude is the capacity to increase it.

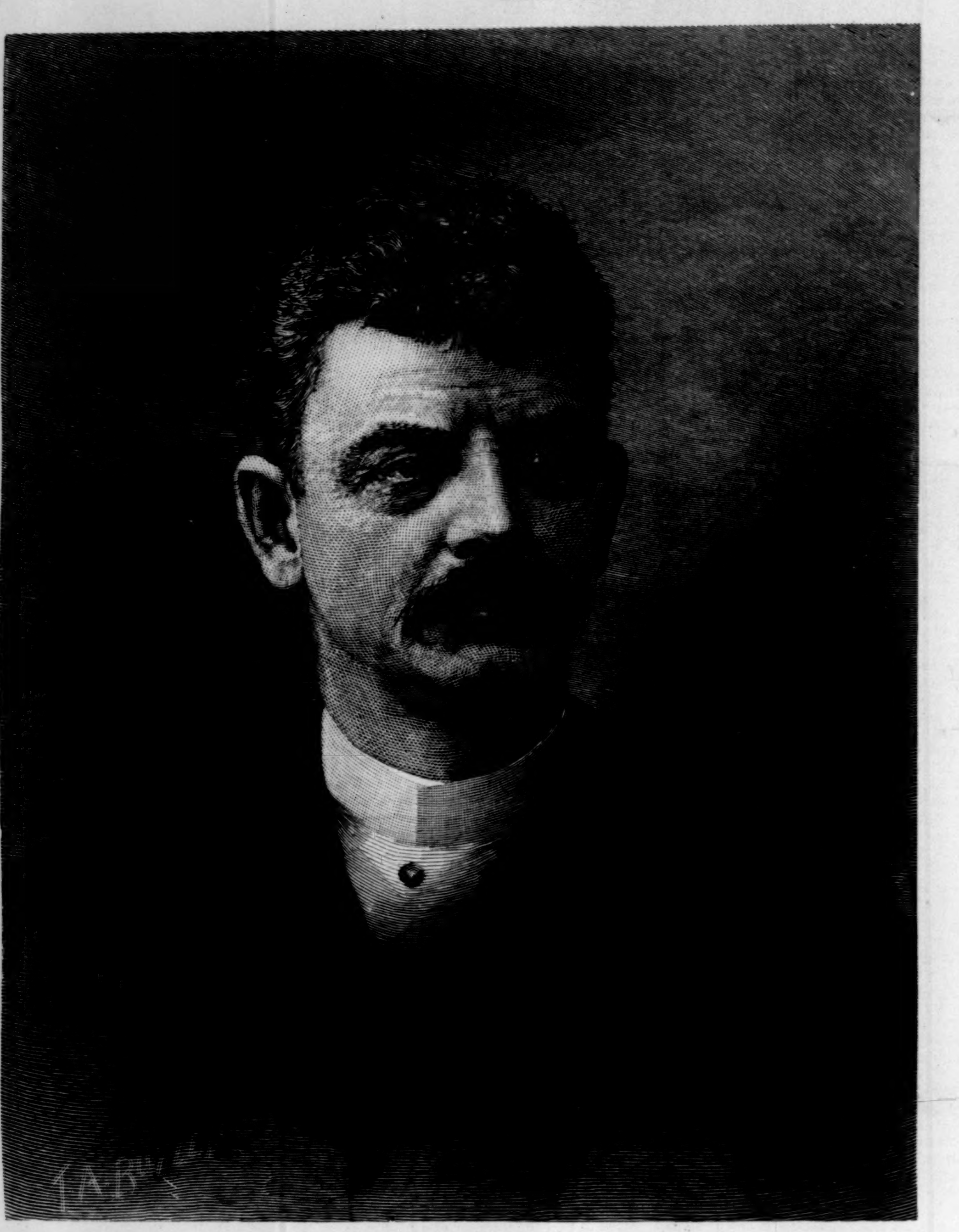
Mr. Reinhart's experience began to accumulate very early, for at Pittsburgh, where he was born, he was free to draw to his heart's content. There was no romantic attempt, as I gather, to nip him in the bud. On the contrary, he was despatched with almost prosaic punctuality to Europe, and was even encouraged to make himself at home in Munich. Munich, in his case, was a *pis-aller* for Paris, where it would have been his preference to study when he definitely surrendered, as it were, to his symptoms. He went to Paris, but Paris seemed blocked and complicated, and Munich presented advantages which, if not greater, were at least easier to approach. Mr. Reinhart passed through the mill of the Bavarian school, and when it had turned him out with its characteristic polish he came back to America with a very substantial stock to dispose of. It would take a chapter by itself if we were writing a biography, this now very usual episode of the return of the young American from the foreign conditions in which he has learned his professional language, and his position in face of the community, whom he addresses in a strange idiom. There has to be a prompt adjustment between ear and voice, if the interlocutor is not to seem to himself to be intoning in the void. There is always an inner history in all this, as well as an outer one—such, however, as it would take much space to relate. Mr. Reinhart's more or less alienated accent fell, by good fortune, on a comprehending listener. He had made a satirical drawing, in the nature of the "cartoon" of a comic journal, on a subject of the hour, and addressed it to the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The drawing was not published —the satire was perhaps not exactly on the right note—but the draughtsman was introduced. Thus began, by return of post, as it were, and with preliminaries so few that they could not well have been less, a connection of many years. If I were writing a biography, another chapter would come in here —a curious, almost a pathetic one; for the course of things is so rapid in this country that the years of Mr. Reinhart's apprenticeship to pictorial journalism, positively recent as they are, already are almost prehistoric. To-morrow, at least, the complexion of that time, its processes, ideas, and standards, together with some of the unsophisticated who carried them out, will belong to old New York. A certain mollifying dimness rests upon them now, and their superseded brilliancy gleams through it but faintly. It is a lively span for Mr. Reinhart to have been at once one of the unsophisticated and one of the actually modern.

That portion of his very copious work to which, more particularly, I apply the latter term has been done for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. During these latter years it has come, like so much of American work to-day, from beyond the seas. Whether or not that foreign language of which I just spoke never became, in New York, for this especial possessor of it, a completely convenient medium of conversation, is more than I can say; at any rate, Mr. Reinhart eventually reverted to Europe and settled in Paris. Paris had seemed rather inhospitable to him in his youth, but he has now fitted his key to the lock. It would be satisfactory to be able to



SEASONABLE.

"P. L., Mrs. Simpkins."
"No, sir; N. L."
"P. L., I say."
"See here, Obadiah Simpkins, if you dare to say P. L. to me again, you won't see a game of base-ball this season: I'll stop your weekly allowance."

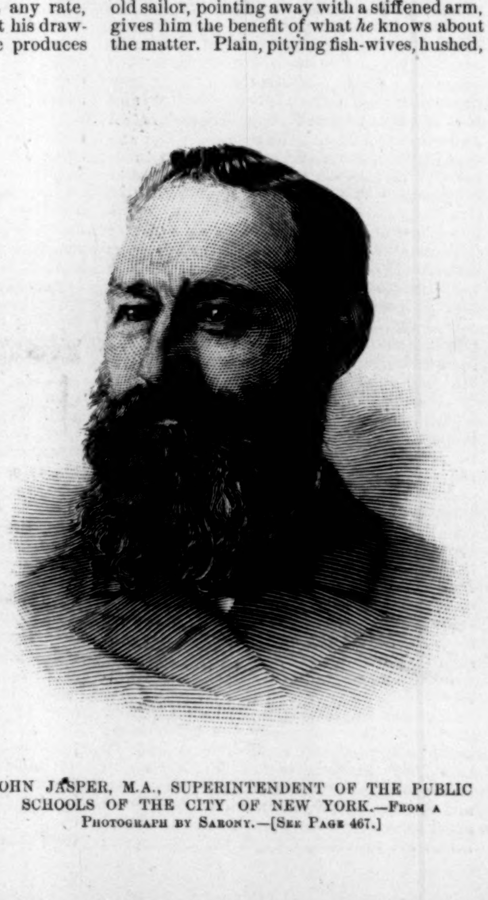


CHARLES S. REINHART, ARTIST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

express scientifically the reasons why, as a general thing, the American artist, as well as his congener of many another land, carries on his function with less sense of resistance in that city than elsewhere. He likes Paris best, but that is not scientific. The difference is that though theoretically the production of pictures is recognized in America and in England, in Paris it is recognized both theoretically and practically. And I do not mean by this simply that pictures are bought—for they are not, predominantly, as it happens—but that they are more presupposed. The plastic is implied in the French conception of things, and the studio is as natural a consequence of it as the post-office is of letter-writing. Vivid representation is the genius of the French language and the need of the French mind. The people have invented more aids to it than any other, and as these aids make up a large part of the artist's life, he feels his best home to be in the place where he finds them most. He may begin to quarrel with that home on the day a complication is introduced by the question of what he shall represent—a totally different consideration from that of the method; but for Mr. Reinhart this question has not yet offered insoluble difficulties. He represents everything—he has accepted so general an order. So long as his countrymen flock to Paris, and pass in a homogeneous procession before his eyes, there is not the smallest difficulty in representing *them*. When the case requires that they shall be taken in connection with their native circumstances and seen in their ambient air, he is prepared to come home and give several months to the task, as on the occasion of Mr. Dudley Warner's history of a tour among the watering-places, to which he furnished so rich and so curious a pictorial accompaniment. Sketch-book in hand, he betakes himself, according to need, to Germany, to England, to Italy, to Spain. Few readers of HARPER will have forgotten his admirable pictorial notes on the political world at Berlin, so rich and close in characterization. To the *Spanish Vistas* of Mr. G. P. Lathrop he contributed innumerable designs, delightful notes of an artist's quest of the sketchable, many of which are singularly full pictures. The "Soldiers Playing Dominoes" at a cafe is a powerful page of life. Mr. Reinhart has, of course, interpreted many a fictive scene—he has been repeatedly called upon to make the novel and the story visible. This he most energetically does; though of course we are unable to say whether the men and women he makes us see are the very people whom the authors have seen. That is a thing that, in any case, one will never know; besides, the authors who don't see vaguely are apt to see perversely. The story-teller has, at any rate, the comfort with Mr. Reinhart that his drawings are constructive, and that he produces life. He likes to represent character—he rejoices in the specifying touch.

The evidence of this is to be found also in his pictures, for I ought already to have mentioned that, for these many years (they are beginning to be many), he has painted as well as worked in black and white. It is not probable that he regards himself in the first place as an illustrator, in the sense to which the term is usually restricted. He is a very vigorous and various painter, and at the Salon a constant and conspicuous exhibitor. He is fond of experiments, difficulties, and dangers, and I divine that it would be his preference to be known best by his work in color, in which he handles landscape with equal veracity. It is a pity that the critic is unable to contend with him on such a point without appearing to underestimate that work. Mr. Reinhart has so much to show for his preference that I am conscious that it takes some assurance to say that I am not sure he is right. This would be the case even if he had nothing else to show than the admirable picture entitled "Washed Ashore" ("Un Épave") which made such an impression in the Salon of 1887. It represents the dead body of an unknown man whom the tide has cast up, lying on his back, feet forward, disfigured, dishonored by the sea. A small group of villagers are collected near it, divided by the desire to look and the fear to see. A gendarme, official and responsible, his uniform contrasting with the mortal disrepair of the victim, takes down in his note-book the *procès-verbal* of the incident, and an old sailor, pointing away with a stiffened arm, gives him the benefit of what *he* knows about the matter. Plain, pitying fish-wives, hushed, with their shawls in their mouths, hang back, as if from a combination too solemn—the mixture of death and the law. Three or four men seem to be glad it isn't they. The thing is a masterpiece of direct representation, and has wonderfully the air of something seen, found without being looked for. Excellently composed but not artificial, deeply touching but not sentimental, large, close, and sober, this important work gives the full measure of Mr. Reinhart's great talent, and constitutes a kind of pledge. It may be perverse on my part to see in it the big bank-note, as it were, which may be changed into a multitude of gold and silver pieces. I cannot, however, help doing so. "Washed Ashore" is painted as only a painter paints, but I irreverently translate it into its equivalent in "illustrations"—half a hundred little examples, in black and white, of the same sort of observation. For this observation, immediate, familiar, sympathetic, human, and not involving a quest of style for which color is really indispensable, is a mistress at whose service there is no derogation in placing one's self. To do little things instead of big *may* be a derogation; a great deal will depend upon the way the little things are done. Besides, no work of art is absolutely little. I grow bold and even impertinent as I think of the way Mr. Reinhart might scatter the smaller coin. At any rate, whatever proportion his work in this line may bear to the rest, it is to be hoped that nothing will prevent him from turning out more and more to play the rare faculty that produces it. His studies of American manners in association with Mr. Warner went so far on the right road that we would fain see him make all the rest of the journey. They begot an inevitable requisition for more, and were full of intimations of what was behind. They showed what there is to see—what there is to guess. Let him carry the same inquiry farther, let him carry it all the way. It would be serious work, and would abound in reality; it would help us, as it were, to know what we are talking about. In saying this I feel how much I confirm the great claims I just made for the revival of illustration.

HENRY JAMES.



JOHN JASPER, M.A., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

ATHLETICS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK.

BY WALTER KERSHAW.

THERE is a season for rowing, and a season for base-ball; a season for tennis, and a season for foot-ball; but for general athletics there is no particular season. Gymnastics may be practised the year round. Men can walk and run and jump almost as well in-doors as out, and swimming-tanks have made exercise in the water as practicable in winter as in summer. Most clubs now have both winter and summer "meetings"—competitions, that is to say, open either to members of the club or to all amateurs. In winter their energies are apt to be mainly directed to bowling and general gymnastics; in summer more attention is paid to base-ball, rowing, yachting, and tennis. The late fall is the season for foot-ball, and in a winter like the one just past cross-country runs may be held every week.

The past ten years have seen a most remarkable development of athletics in this neighborhood. Twenty years ago only two of the present athletic clubs were in existence—the Scottish-American and the New York. Fifteen years ago there were more, but they have not survived. The Manhattan, Staten Island, and American athletic clubs were founded in 1877; the Elizabeth, Pastime, and Jersey City in 1878; the Williamsburg in 1879, the Palma in 1882, the Nassau in 1885, the Orange in 1886, and the New Jersey in 1887; the Berkeley in 1888, the Acorn in 1889, and the Actors in 1889.

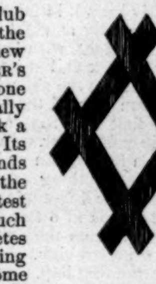
Now there are in this city, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, within fifteen miles, including Newark, Orange, and Elizabeth, some thirty clubs recognized by the Amateur Athletic Union, not to mention the hundreds of separate bowling and tennis and base-ball clubs. It has become fashionable to be an athlete, and there is many a man who would be called a dude east of the Bowery that is prouder of his muscle than of his clothes, and that could "put up his hands" with any of the brawny denizens of the east side. It is said by those who know that New York has more active members of athletic clubs, both absolutely and in proportion to population, than any other large city in the world.

Perhaps a fair measure of the interest taken in such matters may be obtained from the fact that in the cross-country run, held by the National Cross-country Association at Morris Park, March 15th, there were 114 starters, belonging to twenty-two different clubs, all of them in or near the city. It may be worth while to mention just here that the American champion, "Willie" Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, not only beat all his native competitors, but also outran Sidney Thomas, the English cross-country champion—who was entered by the Manhattan Club—by more than two minutes on an eight-mile course.

Of all our indigenous athletic associations the New York Athletic Club is the oldest, as it is about the largest and best established. It was founded twenty-four years ago by William B. Curtis, John C. Babcock, and Henry E. Buermeyer in a back parlor on Sixth Avenue. It was in this year that amateur athletics began to become prominent in England. The first Oxford-Cambridge athletic contest was held in March of that year, and the first amateur championship meeting was given in the same month. It was the accounts of these competitions that inspired the young athletes already mentioned to renewed efforts.

The first public contests of the New York Athletic Club were held in the American Institute building, on Third Avenue, November 11, 1868. Since that time its progress has been rapid. It now has over two thousand members; it owns one of the largest, best-appointed, and most complete club-houses in the world, and besides that has a country house at its summer resort of Travers Island which is itself as fine a club-house as could be desired. At Travers Island are the field and track where the out-door competitions are held, and the course where boat-races are rowed and sailed. There are the tennis grounds and base-ball grounds; while the house itself contains every appliance for in-door comfort, pleasure, and exercise.

As would naturally be expected from its age and size, the New York Club has produced many champion athletes, and many more who rank with the champions. Among the "best-on-record" performances of its members are those of F. G. Saportas, 75 yards, 7¾ seconds; Wendell Baker, 80 yards, 8 seconds, 100 yards, 10 seconds, 125, 130, 180, and 220 yards at the same rate of ten yards a second, and a quarter-mile in 47¾ seconds; R. L. La Montagne, 101 yards, 10 seconds; W. C. Wilmer and E. J. Wendell, 100 yards, 10 seconds. All these but the 75, 150, and 220 yards are world's records. Among other best American records of New York members have been those of Mr. E. C. Carter at all distances from one mile to ten; Mr. A. A. Jordan's 16¼ seconds for 120 yards over ten hurdles; Mr. M. W. Ford's running and standing broad jumps (these being also world's records) of 23 feet 3 inches and 10 feet 9¾ inches; Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner's and Mr. W. L. Condon's performances with the shot and hammer; Mr. H. E. Toussaint's swimming, 25 yards in 15 seconds; and Mr. G. D. Phillips's skating at various distances. The present President of the Club is Mr. Walter G. Schuyler, and the Captain Mr. G. Johnston Bradish.



The only rival of the New York Club in numbers, wealth, and influence is the Manhattan, whose magnificent new club-house was illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY at the time its corner-stone was laid. The club was not legally incorporated until 1878, but it took a prominent place from the start. Its leaders secured a track and grounds within the city limits, and made the track one of the very best and fastest in the country. They devoted much energy to the development of athletes who would make records and bring glory to the club. They gave handsome prizes and held frequent meetings. Their success was wonderful, and in 1880, 1881, and 1882 the Manhattan athletes won against all comers the handsome stand of colors offered by G. M. L. Sacks for the club winning the most points at the championship meeting of the National Association. It still holds the grounds on the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues, Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh streets, and their convenience and the excellence of the track help to account for the club's great success in all out-door sports.

Manhattan's most distinguished athlete is undoubtedly Mr. L. E. Myers, whose career was one almost unbroken success for six years, and who made new records at almost every distance from fifty to twelve hundred yards, both in England and America. His quarter-mile in 48⅘ seconds and his half in 1.55⅖ stood as the record for years; his 350 yards in 36⅘ seconds is one of the most wonderful performances ever known. His records at 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, and 1000 yards still stand. Among other Manhattan runners the best known are T. P. Conneff, who has held the record at 1¼ and 1½ miles; A. B. George, once champion at 2½ miles; P. D. Skillman, for various long distances; Sidney Thomas, an English importation, who has made new records between 8 and 15 miles, and A. G. Waldron, H. Fredericks, and F. Westing for the shorter distances. Among the walkers are Purdy, Lange, and Hart; among the hurdlers are Copeland and Jordan; at swimming, Meffert has made records from 220 yards to a mile; at skating, Donohue and Craft have distinguished themselves. Finally, at the running high jump, Mr. W. Byrd Page has beaten the world's record out of sight. The club now contains about eighteen hundred members. The present President of the club is Mr. George W. Carr.

One of the best "all-round" clubs is the Staten Island. Most of the clubs, especially the smaller ones, confine their efforts largely to one or two branches of sport. Thus the Palmas are mostly given to shooting and bowling, the Crescent to foot-ball and base-ball, the Star and National to boxing, the Jersey City to bowling, the Elizabeth to bowling and base-ball, the Turnverein to gymnastics proper; but the Staten Islanders do a little of everything, and do it pretty well. They have some good performers on field and track athletics; they have a good crew; they keep up canoe races and yacht races; they have tennis tournaments every year; their lacrosse team is one of the best in the country; and they are making a fine record as base-ball players. The club property is valued at $100,000. There is a good house, a boat-house, a track, a ball-ground, and tennis grounds. Among the club champions have been, among the runners, Messrs. J. H. Rimmer, Fred. W. Janssen, M. W. Ford, George Schwegler, E. J. Hosp, and H. E. Hallock; among rowing men, Harry Janssen and W. C. Rowland; among bicyclers, A. B. Rich, sometime champion of America; and among the heavy-weights, C. A. J. Queckberner. Mr. Eberhard Faber has been President of the club for the past two years.

The Pastime Athletic Club, founded in 1878, early earned for itself the title of the "Nursery," because it produced so many good athletes who afterward joined larger and wealthier organizations. The social feature is perhaps not quite so prominent in the Pastime as in some of the others. Its club-house is an old church, more or less surrounded by gravestones, and it has not the advantages of some other clubs. Notwithstanding this fact, and the drain of some of its best athletes, it still maintains a good standing, and some of its men are always among the prize-winners at meetings of the A. A. U. Among its prominent athletes at present are Capt. J. H. Hughes, who has gained distinction as a wrestler; Mr. A. J. Murberg, the sprinter; Mr. M. O'Sullivan, a heavy-weight; Messrs. T. Murphy and D. O'Brien, boxers; and Messrs. J. E. Sullivan, W. R. Burckhardt, H. Dimse, and W. F. Pallman, pedestrians. Among the prominent men whom it has "graduated" are Messrs. F. L. Lambrecht, the heavy-weight; H. Fredericks, A. G. Waldron, and E. C. Carter, runners; and the Ellingsworth brothers, known everywhere as expert boxers.

Of the younger athletic organizations none is now more prominent and promising that the New Jersey Athletic Club, which has its headquarters at Bergen Point. It was incorporated two years and a half ago, the Bergen Point Base-ball Club, and the Argonauta and Viking rowing associations joining in its formation. Since then the Olympic Athletic Club and the Claremont Cricket Club have cast in their fortunes with it. It has about 550 members, a good club-house, a fine field and track, and an excellent rowing course on Newark Bay. Its President is Mr. A. C. Stevens, and Mr. A. M. Sweet is chairman of the Athletic Committee. Mr. E. Hjertberg is captain of its cross-country team, which won the championship at the great meeting of the National Cross-country Association on March 15th. Among its more prominent athletes are Messrs. W. D. Day, who holds running records from 1¼ to 4 miles, and at 10 miles, and the individual cross-country championship; Mr. J. H. Mitchell, the heavy-weight hammer-thrower; Mr. T. Sherman, the pedestrian; Mr. F. G. Brown, the bicycler; Mr. Wm. Halpin, the jumper; Mr. F. Schroeder, the expert swinger of Indian clubs, and Mr. Hermann Braun, the champion swimmer. The champion cross-country team contains, besides Messrs. Day and Hjertberg, C. B. Gardiner, John Rumpf, W. S. French, and A. Gray.

The Acorn Athletic Club is only a year old, but it is already prominent. Its club-house and grounds are in South Brooklyn, at Fifty-sixth Street and Second Avenue. It has a good cross-country team, and cultivates general athletics. Mr. M. A. Cuming is the President, and F. L. Lambrecht the Captain. Among its prominent members are Messrs. John Nolan, boxer and cross-country runner; E. Edwards, Chas. O'Malley, Jun., and G. Jackson, sprinters; and Arthur C. Cole, tug-of-war man.

The Crescent Athletic Club is devoted mainly to foot-ball and base-ball. Its house and grounds are at Bay Ridge, on Narrows Avenue, between Eighty-third and Eighty-fifth streets. Its President is Mr. Chas. M. Bull. Among its leading members are Harry Beecher, the famous quarter-back of Yale, and William Bull, the equally famous full-back, Messrs. Terry and Edwards, half-backs, and Mr. W. H. Ford, centre rush and captain. The foot-ball team has won the amateur championship ever since it began to play, and last year "whitewashed" all its opponents. The base-ball team, of which Mr. W. H. Halstead is captain, was second in the Athletic Club League last year. It has almost 600 members.

One of the most complete of all the clubs is the Berkeley, which is eminently a college men's club, and which prides itself on its freedom from "professionalism." It contains now 600 members; it has a fine club-house on Forty-fourth Street, and its grounds, the Berkeley Oval, at Morris Dock, is known far and wide as one of the finest in the world. The object of the club is not to bring out champions, but to cultivate all its members. Dr. W. L. Savage, who has charge of the in-door gymnastics, is both a trained athlete and a physician, and is able to direct the members in their work so as to obtain the best results in general development.

Besides the departments of gymnastics and general athletics, the club cultivates cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, rowing, canoeing, swimming, bowling, and billiards, and pays some attention to whist and chess. There are committees also on art, music, and the drama, and the club theatre is widely known. Among the athletes are Mr. Wendell Baker, who is chairman of the committee on out-door athletics, Mr. H. S. Brooks, the famous Yale sprinter, and Mr. William Windle, who has made records on the bicycle from half a mile to ten miles. The Berkeley is a young club, but it already owns property valued at $410,000. Its President is Mr. John S. White.

The St. George Athletic Club is one of the many organizations started by Dr. Rainsford, the energetic rector of St. George's Church. Its head-quarters are in the St. George Building, on Sixteenth Street. It has about two hundred members, and has made a creditable showing in the cross-country runs of the past season. The President is Mr. Robert Conn, and the Captain Mr. M. J. Rawlinson.

No account of the athletic clubs of New York could be complete without a reference to the Actors' Club—the "five A's." This was founded by Messrs. Burr McIntosh, De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Charles Thomas, and Robert Hilliard. It has now 400 members, including all the well-known actors. Among those prominent as athletes besides those mentioned are Francis Wilson, who is an expert boxer and fencer, Maurice Barrymore, and John Drew, an artist with the foils. Many of the members are confirmed base-ball "cranks," and they are heart and soul with the Brotherhood in its new venture.

Among the prominent clubs in New Jersey, beside the New Jersey Athletic Club, are the Palma and Jersey City of Jersey City, the West Side and Riverside of Newark, the Orange, and the Elizabeth. The first two and the last two are largely given to bowling, but all have gymnasiums, and the Orange Club has base-ball and foot-ball teams. The Palma, Jersey City, and Orange clubs have each about five hundred members.

The growth of athletics has been nowhere more clearly manifest than in our militia regiments. The building of such immense armories as those of the Seventh in New York and the Thirteenth in Brooklyn has given the regimental athletes room enough to hold games in-doors, and has greatly stimulated winter exercises of all sorts. Nearly all the regiments now have athletic clubs, the most notable of which are those of the Seventh, the Twenty-second, the Twelfth, and the Thirteenth. The Seventh contains many members who belong also to the New York or Manhattan or other local clubs. An idea of the variety and excellence of its games may be had from a mere list of the events and some of the principal competitors in the meeting of Saturday, April 5th. Here is the programme: 1000-yard run, 220-yard run, half-mile walk, putting 16-pound shot, 440-yard run, 220-yard hurdle, running high jump, wheelbarrow race, half-mile roller-skating race, three-legged race, and 2-mile bicycle race. Among the entries were such well-known athletes as C. A. J. Queckberner, A. A. Jordan, A. W. S. Cochrane, A. B. Rich, E. A. Powers, and F. A. Ware.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn devotes less attention to general athletics than the Seventh; but the interest in base-ball is very strong, and games have been played all winter in the armory. The Twenty-second has some excellent athletes, and the general average of its men as to physical condition is high.

It is easily seen that the encouragement of athletic sport among members of the National Guard is an excellent thing for that important branch of the service. Young men who keep "in condition," and who are trained to walk and run and jump and play ball, are certainly capable of better service in the field than they could render without such training.

The Prospect Harriers devote themselves to cross-country running, and last year they were the champions. They have a very strong team, and number among their members some well-known runners, among whom are Messrs. J. D. Lloyd, S. T. Freeth, W. W. and F. Kuhlke, F. Dolan, J. S. H. McGregor, and S. T. Stagg.

Among the other clubs more or less prominent in the neighborhood are the American, the Amity, the Down-Town, the Grayling, the Hoboken, the Yonkers, the Sylva, the Star, the Allerton, the Brighton, the Union, the West End, the Titan, and last, but oldest of all, the Scottish-American. Altogether there are about thirty, besides the "Y. M. C. A.'s," and they own property to the aggregate value of over $2,500,000.

The "Y. M. C. A.'s" deserve a separate article to themselves. Almost every well-organized Young Men's Christian Association in the city and neighborhood has now its athletic department, and many of them have gymnasiums. It is the muscular form of Christianity that seems to take best among young men. The New York Y. M. C. A. is the oldest and best known, and its gymnasium has been celebrated these fifteen years. Last year there was a flourishing Y. M. C. A. base-ball league of some twenty or thirty clubs, and this year the interest bids fair to be still greater.

As will be seen by the table of "fixtures," the Turners are represented. These German societies afford excellent gymnastic training, and their athletes always distinguish themselves at the more purely gymnastic games.

There are various ways of estimating the progress of athletic sport from year to year. That it has improved in quantity is sufficiently shown by the existence within the metropolitan area of thirty clubs with 15,000 members in 1890, as against one-third the number in 1880. The improvement in quality may be inferred from a comparison of the records made at the first out-door meeting in 1868 with those made since. Here is the list:

	Then.	Now.
75-yard run	9 sec.	7¾ sec.
220-yard "	28 sec.	21⅖ sec.
440-yard "	80 sec.	47¾ sec.
Half-mile run	2 m. 26 sec.	1 m. 55¼ sec.
One-mile walk	7 m. 50½ sec.	6 m. 29⅗ sec.
120-yard hurdle race	24 sec.	16 sec.
Standing broad jump (weight)	11 ft. 6 in.	12 ft. 9½ in.
" high "	4 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 1¼ in.
Running long jump	17 ft.	23 ft. 3 in.
" high "	5 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 4 in.
Throwing 16-pound hammer	73 ft.	123 ft. 6¾ in.
Putting 16-pound shot	35 ft. 5 in.	45 ft. 2 in.

To this list have been added a number of competitions; but, considering that it was their first meeting, the New York Club showed a pretty good variety. The 100-yard is now the standard sprint race, and a one-mile run is now an indispensable event in every meeting. The hurdle races have been diversified by introducing two heights of hurdles, respectively 2 feet 6 inches and 3 feet 6 inches, at both 120 and 220 yards. The 56-pound weight, and both heavier and lighter shots are now used. In walking, the one-mile race is still the standard, but half-mile, two-mile, three-mile, and seven-mile contests are frequent. Among the features not mentioned at all in this first programme are the tug-of-war, now so popular with the militia and with boat clubs, and the pole vault, one of the prettiest and most skilful games in the whole curriculum.

Of all the features of an athletic meeting, probably the most generally popular are the sprint races, the running races from 50 to 220 yards, and the hurdling. I nthese the competitors run as fast as they can all the way. The great effort is more apparent than in longer races, and the speed is obvious. A mile run necessarily looks slow in comparison, although the effort is of course more exhausting than in a sprint race. These short races require a special training. Any healthy boy can run fifty yards at top speed; but no young man, without special practice, can do a hundred yards in eleven seconds or better, and not hurt himself. In the first place, without practice, not one in perhaps a hundred thousand could run at such speed. In the second place, not one out of twenty of those few could get a good fair start. In the third place, the sudden violent starting is dangerous.

Sprinters have various ways of starting. The majority stand with the left foot on the mark and the right about a yard back, the body bent forward, left arm stretched out in front, and right arm back. It is not a specially graceful or beautiful position, but those who adopt it think it enables them to get off quicker than any other. A second position is the left foot and right arm forward "set." This looks no less awkward, but theoretically it ought to be better than the other, for in striding the swing of the arms is in the opposite direction from that of the legs; and if the right arm, being extended, is drawn back at the same time the right leg comes forward the runner should get into his stride at once. A third way of starting is to stand with both feet on the line, and bend forward slightly at the word "ready," so as to jump at the report of the pistol. The great objection to this style of start is that the runner is very apt to "beat the pistol"—that is, to get under way before the pistol really goes off; and a false start penalizes the starter for the next attempt. Some years ago the practice of "beating the pistol" was very common in sprint races, and it is only a very cool-headed and determined and quick-eyed starter who can keep his men under control. Among the fastest performances at 100 yards besides those already mentioned, are the following: 9⅘ seconds, John F. Owen, Jun., and 10 seconds, V. E. Schifferstein, W. C. Wilmer, F. Westing, and L. H. Carey. Mr. C. H. Sherrill has done 150 yards in 14⅘ seconds, and 125 yards in 12⅗ seconds. At 220 yards, Mr. John F. Owen, Jun., holds the record with 21⅗ seconds, made at Detroit last fall. The quarter-mile world's record is held by Mr. Wendell Baker with 47¾ seconds, and the 600-yard world's record by L. E. Myers and W. C. Downes, with 71⅘ seconds.

If there is anything prettier than a hundred-yard or furlong dash it is a hurdle race. The speed is of course not quite so great, but the jumping diversifies the action; and when the runners are dressed in bright-colored suits they make a beautiful picture. As may be imagined, hurdling is somewhat more difficult than ordinary sprinting. The runner must find out by practice just where it is best for him to "take off" for the jumps, just how many steps he can take with most advantage between hurdles, and just what proportion of force can most economically be expended in jumping. It is of much more importance that the jumper should alight in a position that will help him to keep on running without a break than that he should make a long jump. The problem to be solved is how to expend the least force on the jumping consistent with clearing the hurdles and keeping up the momentum. The 30-inch hurdles are comparatively a slight obstruction, as may be seen by comparing the time of hurdle and flat races for the same distance. There is only about three seconds difference. A good sprinter will cover the 120 yards flat in a little less than thirteen seconds, and a good hurdler will cover the same distance in less than sixteen seconds. The 42-inch hurdles are a greater obstacle, but the time is only about one second slower for the distance. The jump must of course be higher, and is generally of a somewhat different character. The runner seems to skim over the lower hurdles, taking long low jumps that seem to delay his progress scarcely at all; while over the higher hurdles the jump is seen to be a more decided hinderance. For the benefit of those who have never seen a hurdle race it may be well to explain that the hurdles are placed ten yards apart, with a run of ten yards at the start and one of twenty yards at the finish. If the course is longer, there are still ten hurdles, placed farther apart. Two hundred and twenty yards over 42-inch hurdles have been run by A. F. Copeland, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, in 26⅗ seconds; and 440 yards—a quarter of a mile—over the same obstacles, in 61⅗ seconds, by L. E. Myers of the same club—about as fast as an ordinarily fast runner can cover the distance without any hurdles at all. Occasionally three-foot hurdles are used, and the number is sometimes varied all the way from eight to twenty, but ten is the standard number. The record at 120-yard hurdles is now held by Mr. H. L. Williams, of Yale, 16 seconds, and at 220 yards by Mr. J. P. Lee, of Harvard, 25⅗ seconds.

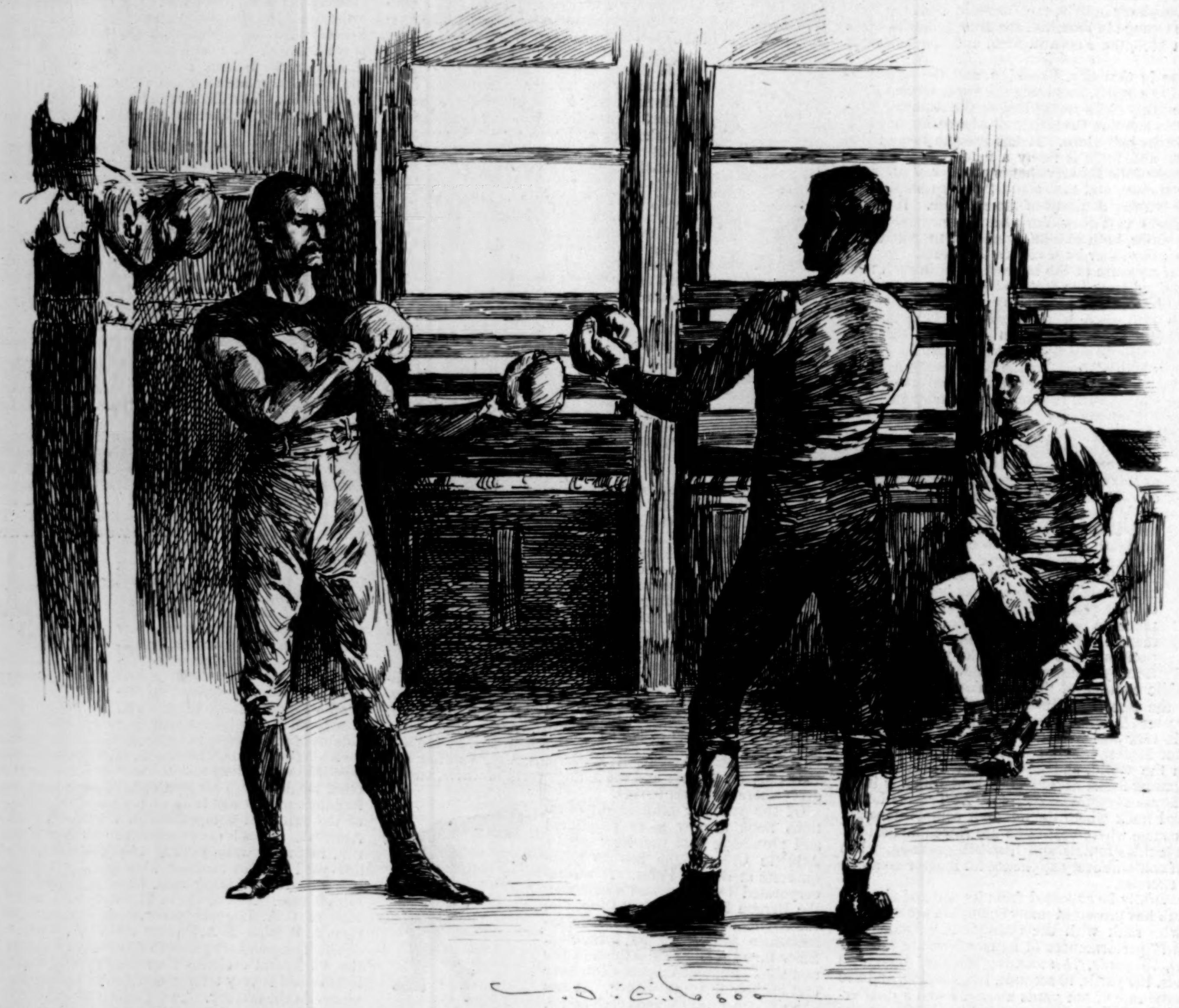
Jumping has always been a favorite form of athletic exercise. To go no farther back than the middle of last century, we find that George Washington "held the record" in his time; and if we are to believe what Harry Warrington says, his record stood until very recently. In his account of the great jumping match he had with Lord March at Tunbridge Wells, Harry wrote to his mother:

"I had the *gratafacation* of beating his lordship by more than two feet—viz., two feet nine inches—me jumping twenty-one feet three inches by the drawer's measured tape, and his lordship only eighteen six." A little farther on he adds: "I told them that there was a gentleman at home who could beat me by *a good foot;* and when they asked who it was, and I said Colonel G. Washington, of Mount Vernon—as you know he can, and he's the only man in his county or mine that can do it—Mr. Wolfe asked me ever so many questions about Colonel G. W."

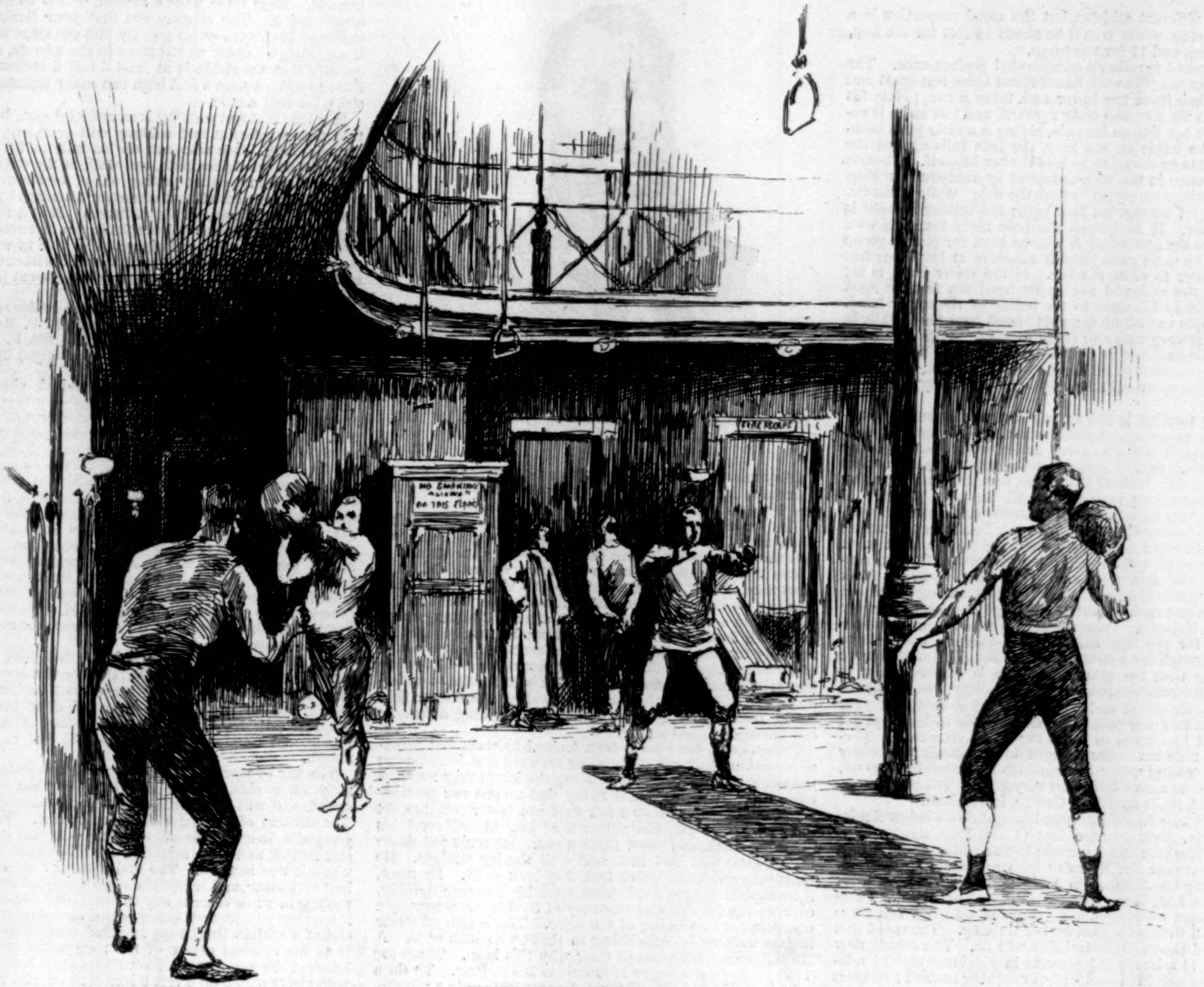
This record, although no literary man would think of doubting it, is regarded by modern athletes as somewhat apocryphal in character. Certainly, until very recent years, we have no authentic performances that compare with it. Mr. M. W. Ford is the only man in America that has a record better than 23 feet, although Mr. J. S. Voorhees has come within 4½ inches of it. If "Gascoyne, the Sandalwood Trader," were still alive, he might be able to do better than Mr. Ford; but Gascoyne's performance is even more apocryphal than the great Virginian's, and cannot be allowed to go on record.

The running high jump is in great favor just now, for there are fashions in athletics as in everything else. The performances of the present champion of the world, Mr. Page, who put the record about 5 inches higher than it ever had been before, doubtless helped to create a *furor* for this game. Still, it is a pretty sport, and its intrinsic merits will probably keep it in favor. Most beginners at this sport take a run directly at right angles with the bar, and try to go over it straight, with both feet together. This style is very pretty to look at, but its votaries seldom do as well as those who cultivate the sidewise fashion. The best jumpers generally run toward the bar diagonally; and in "taking off" throw first one foot and then the other higher than the body in going over. In all styles the bar is oftener knocked down by the arm or body of the jumper than by his feet or legs. Anything over 5 feet is a good high jump, but it must be over 5 feet 6 inches to be very good, and Mr. Page's record stands at 6 feet 4 inches—a height that seems more wonderful from the fact that the champion himself is only 5 feet 6 inches high.

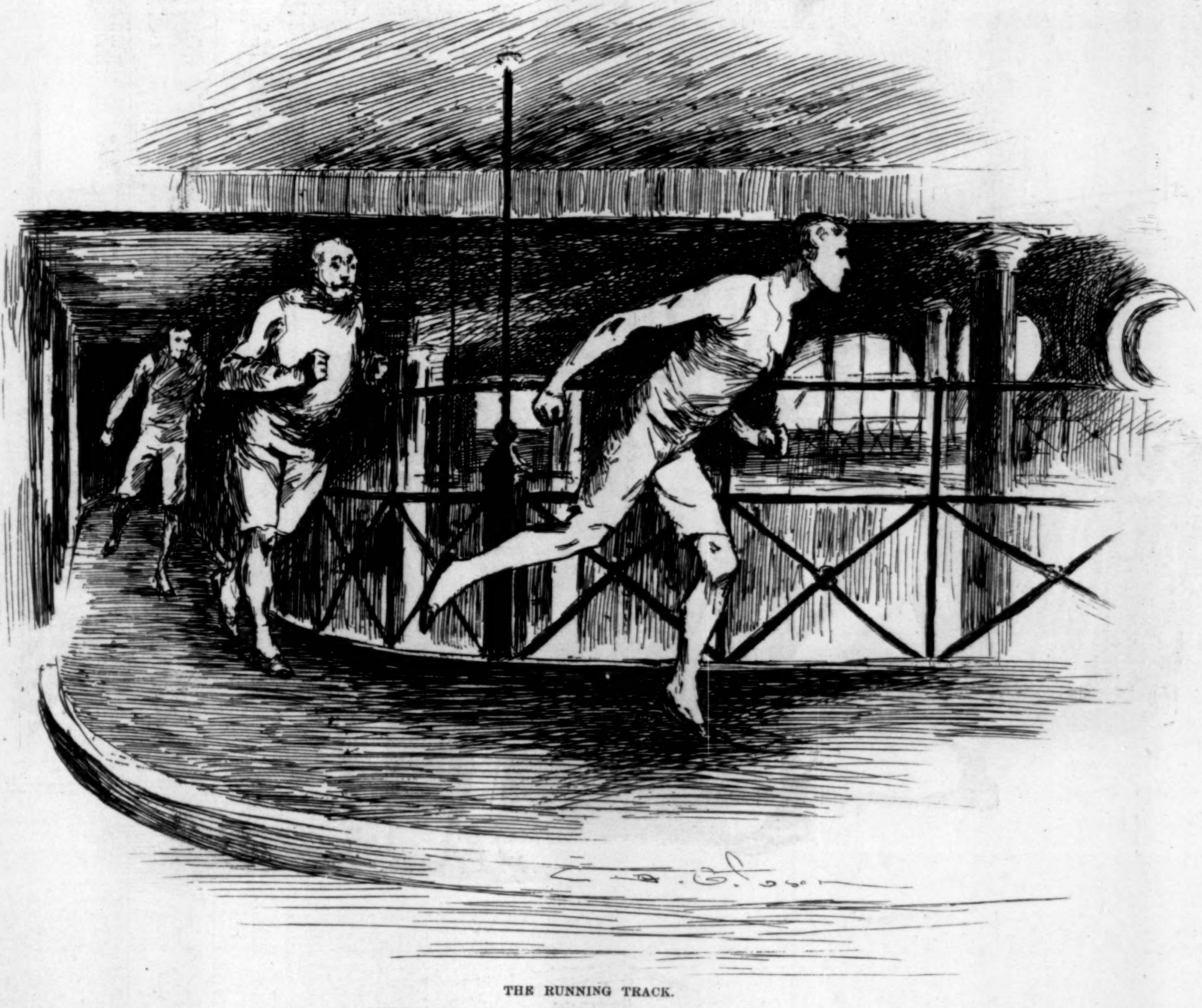
The running hop, step, and jump, so great a favorite with school-boys, does not appear to any great extent in recent competitions. Why, it is difficult to tell, for it is an attractive sport. The American record, made by Mr. M. W. Ford, stands at 44 feet 1¼ inches; and the Irish, which is the best, at 50 feet 1½ inches. Anything over 40 feet is very good. The proportion of the different parts to one another varies



SPARRING.



TOSSING THE LEATHER BAG.



THE RUNNING TRACK.

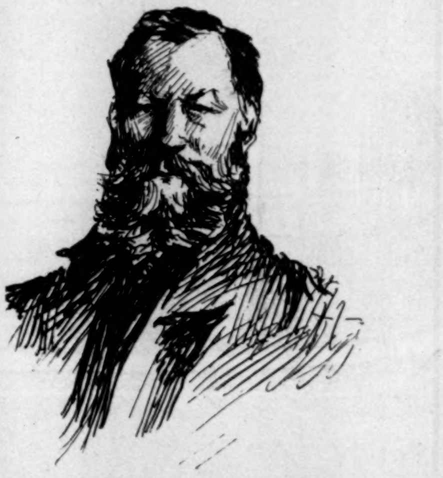
ATHLETES IN TRAINING.—DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

much with different athletes, but the usual proportion in a forty-foot performance would be about 14 feet for the hop, 9 for the step, and 17 for the jump.

The pole vault is rather a complicated performance. The vaulter seizes the pole with hands about three feet apart and about six feet from the lower end, takes a run, plants his pole, throws his legs and body upward, and just as he is going over the bar lets go his pole, giving it a little push backward. If he holds on too long, the pole falls against the bar; if he lets go too soon, he hits the bar himself. There is great difference in the styles adopted by vaulters. In England it is quite common to "climb the pole" while in the air. The bar is, let us say, ten feet high; the vaulter himself is less than six. If he grasps the pole more than his own height from the lower end, it will be hard for him to go up at all; but he must raise himself somehow at least four feet more in order to clear the bar. If the lower hand is six feet above the end, and the upper hand ten feet, he must raise himself by his arms to the height of the upper hand. If he attempts to "climb the pole" hand over hand while in the air, he is very likely to come to grief. It is a difficult performance, and one in which eminence can be acquired only with considerable skill, agility, and practice. The best record at this sport is 11 feet 6⅝ inches, made by Mr. H. H. Baxter.

Distance running is not so popular with spectators—unless the spectators are themselves athletes—as sprinting, because the speed is not so great, and there are not so many close finishes. Still, it is one of the most important branches of athletics, and the half-mile, mile, and three-mile running races appear pretty regularly at all the open games. In such races, and especially in the longer ones, there is a considerable opportunity for "jockeying"—not in the unfair sense of the word necessarily—and the runner must work with his head as well as with his legs. Some distance runners, especially those who are not very good sprinters, think it best to "make the pace" from the start, having found out by experience just how fast they can go at a steady gait for the whole distance. Others prefer to take a comparatively easy gait for the first half or three-quarters, and reserve strength enough for a spurt at the finish. This style is more spectacular than the other, and when it succeeds, always draws thunderous applause from the gallery; but it requires very nice calculation and a pretty good knowledge of your adversaries to know just how far it is safe to let them get ahead, and just when to begin to "make your run." Records for a mile have been brought down steadily for twenty years. Anything under 5 minutes is still considered good, but it must be under 4.40 to be very good. The present record is 4.18⅖, made by W. G. George, in England.

The half-mile record has been brought down below 2 minutes by Mr. Myers, whose best (1.55⅖) long stood as the record in England and America; but anything under 2.10 is good. Last year Mr. Myers's time was beaten, Mr. F. J. K. Cross doing the distance in 1.54⅗ in England, and Mr. W. C. Dohm in 1.55¼ here. The three-mile is a hard race. There are few men over seventeen years old who can run three miles at all without a good deal of training. The speed that is attained shows what training will do. The record now stands at 14 minutes 29⅗ seconds in England, and 14 minutes 39 seconds in America; but anything under 17 minutes is good. Mr. W. D. Day, of the New Jersey A. C., who holds the record just named, and others from 1¼ to four miles (20.15⅘) and ten miles (52.38⅗), is the champion 'cross-country runner. His other records are: 1¼ miles, 6 minutes 3 seconds; 1½ miles, 8 minutes 2⅗ seconds; 1¾ miles, 8 minutes 18⅕ seconds; 2 miles, 9 minutes 32½ seconds.



GEORGE GOLDIE, INSTRUCTOR IN ATHLETICS IN THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Fast walking is a sport which is not so generally popular as running. There is the same difference between the two that there is between a race between thorough-breds and a "hoss trot." Fast walking is no doubt an artificial gait. Most men, if they have a mile to go, and eight or nine minutes to do it in, would run, just as most horses would run in order to do a mile under 2.30; but, after all, trotting races have their fascination, and fast walking has its charms also, not only for the walker, but for the spectator. It is a sort of technical pleasure that a walking race affords—a pleasure that is only real after the spectator has been trained to understand the difficulties that the good walker overcomes; just as the theatre-goer must have a certain training before he can appreciate good acting.

Persons who have never been trained to walk fast generally quicken their gait by bending forward and lengthening the stride, at the same time bending the knees very much at each step. It is pretty safe to say that no one can possibly adopt this style and keep a fair walk at a faster gait than six miles an hour. The fast walker must keep himself erect, his shoulders back, and chest thrown out. He must put down his forward foot heel first, and with the leg straight. He must take strides so quick that they look short. He must, if he expects to get a good stride, work his hips considerably, overcoming the sidewise tendency of the hip movement by a compensatory swinging of the arms. The length of stride in fast walking is astonishing to those who look at it. A little figuring will make it clear why this is so. There are 1760 yards in a mile, or 1760 strides 3 feet long. To do a mile in 8 minutes, a walker must cover 220 yards a minute, or 11 feet a second. Now 220 steps a minute—nearly four a second—is pretty quick work, as any one may discover for himself. Even three steps a second, or 180 to the minute, seems quick. The chances are that your 8-minute man, although his legs move so quickly that the steps seem short, is not doing as many as 200 steps to the minute, and consequently that the stride is at least 3 feet 6 inches. With a little practice a man 6 feet high can easily maintain a 4-foot stride for half a mile.

It is true that fast walking is an artificial gait; but it is also true that practice at fast walking will quicken a man's unartificial gait. One who can do his mile in 7.30 in racing trim and on the cinder path, can walk in the street at a six-mile gait without either getting out of breath or becoming red in the face, and without attracting attention by any peculiarity of his gait except its swiftness. It is a real gain to any man to be able to walk a mile in ten or twelve minutes without over-exertion or fatigue; to be able to walk five or six miles for every four he used to walk without any more conscious effort, and with a sense of enjoyment in the mere exercise that he never had before.

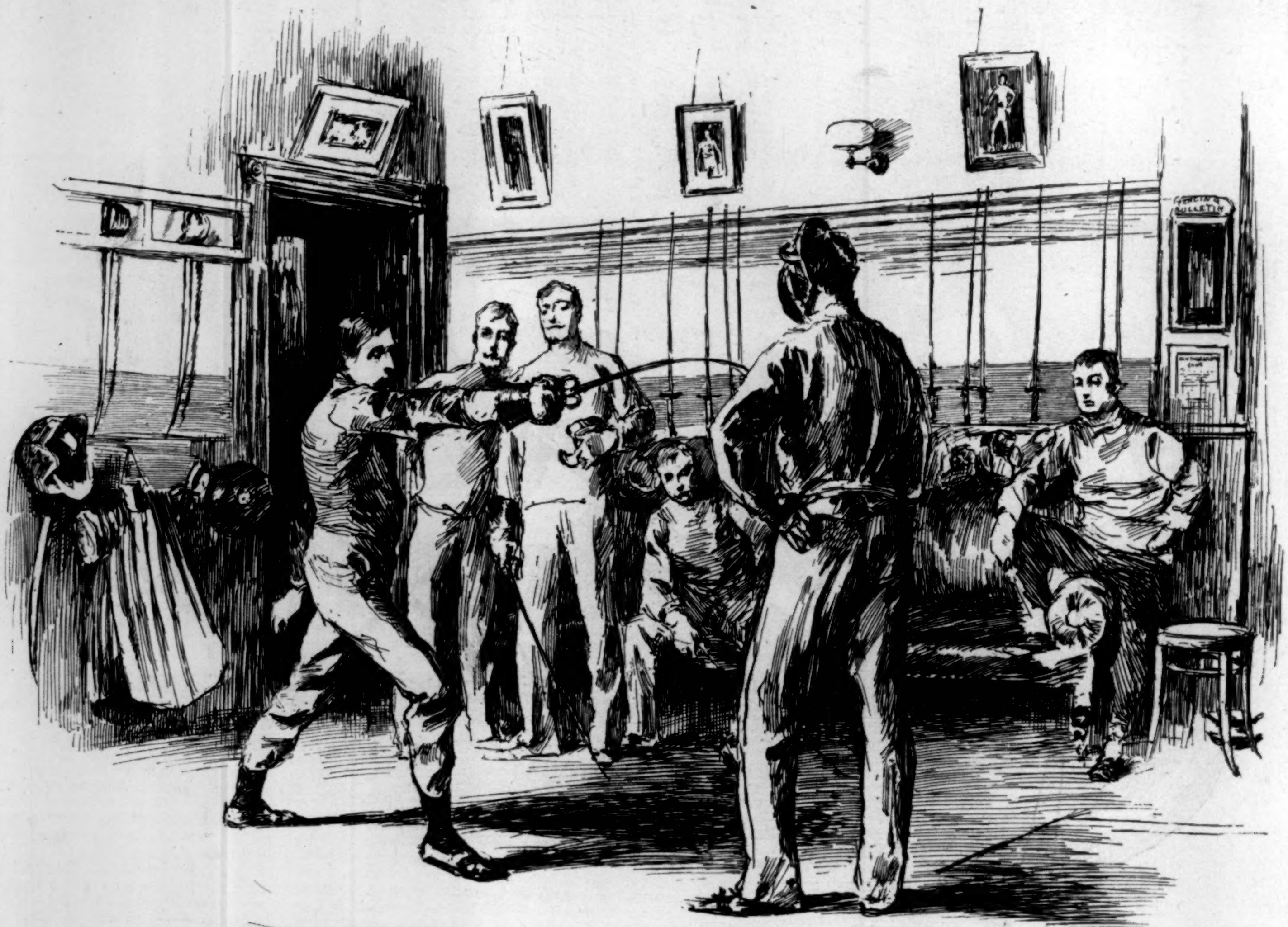
The walking records at some of the ordinary distances stand: One mile, 6 minutes, 29⅗ seconds, F. P. Murray; two miles, 13.48⅗, F. P. Murray; three miles, 21.09⅕, F. P. Murray; five miles, 38.0⅘, W. H. Purdy; seven miles, 54.07, E. E. Merrill; ten miles, 77.40⅖, E. E. Merrill.

For the strong men—the men of 40-inch chests and 15-inch biceps and 175 pounds of weight—the favorite games are putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and the tug of war. The standard weight for the shot is 16 pounds, but nearly all weights are used, from 9 pounds to 56. The record for the 14-pound shot—46 feet 3¾ inches—was held by Mr. F. L. Lambrecht, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, until June 8th, when Mr. Gray made a "put" of 47 feet 7⅛ inches. For the 16-pound, 18-pound, and 21-pound shots, the records are held by Mr. George R. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, with "puts" of 46 feet, 41 feet 9½ inches, and 38 feet 8⅝ inches respectively. Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner holds the record among our American athletes for throwing the 56-pound weight—26 feet 3½ inches. Among other athletes prominent at this game are Messrs. M. O'Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and W. L. Condon, of the Baltimore Athletic Club.

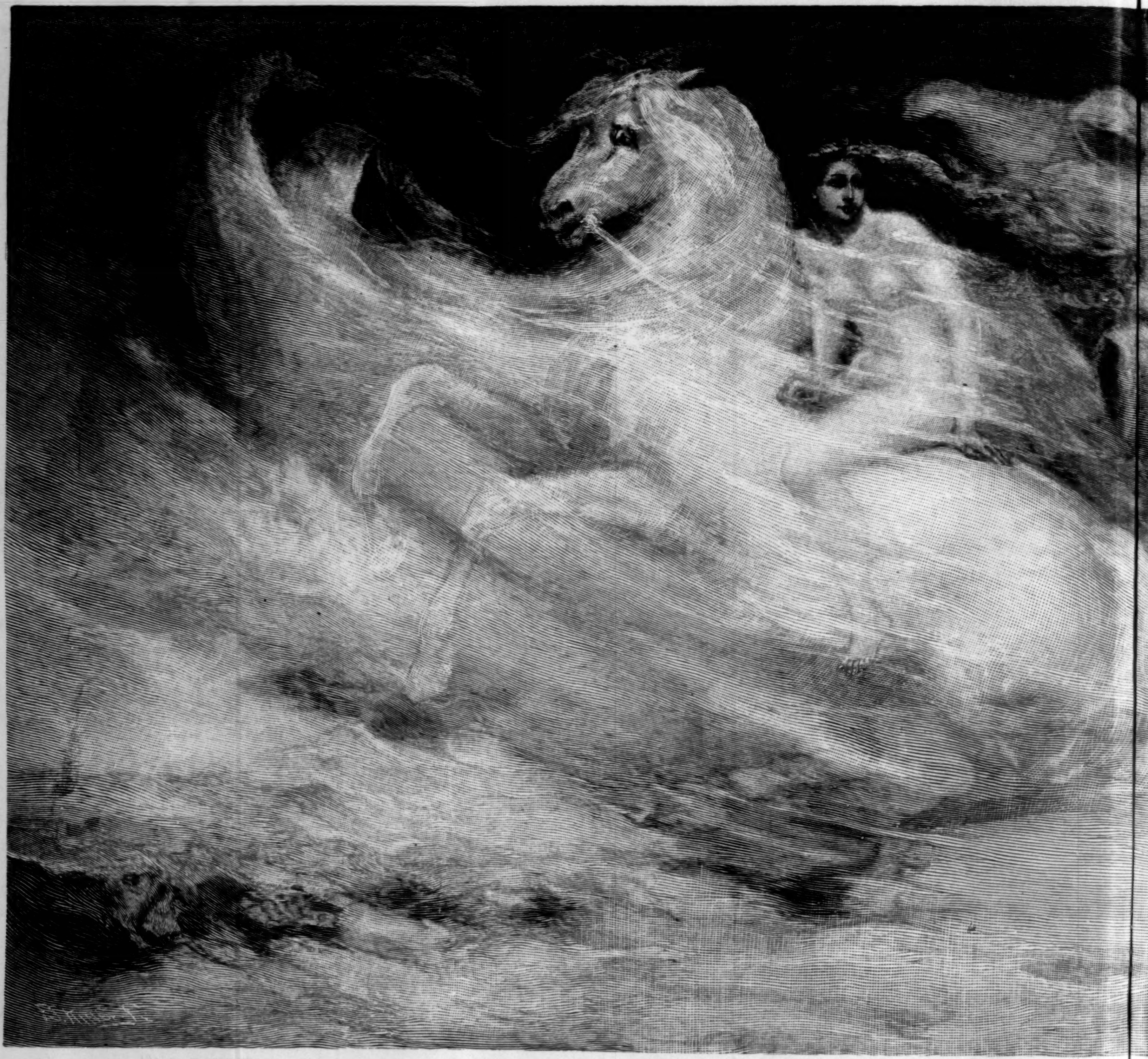
The hammer generally used is one weighing 16 pounds, with a handle 4 feet long. Mr. Condon did hold the American record with 108 feet 3 inches, but the Irish giants—Davin, Mitchell, and Barry—have all done over 120 feet. Mitchell now holds the American record with 133 feet 8 inches, and Condon has thrown it 123 feet 6¾ inches this month.

The tug of war is generally done by two teams of four or more on a side, but the individual tug has been reintroduced, and will be pulled off at several meetings this year. The old way of pulling was on sod or dirt. The two sides grasped a 1¼-inch rope, all standing. At the word, they began to pull, and each man dug for a foothold, and dropped when it was secured. The end man, or "anchor," wears a belt of leather, and wraps the rope lightly around his waist, pulling in when there is any to spare, and letting out a little if necessary to prevent being pulled out of position. At the end of a certain limit, time is called, and the measure taken from the original centre of the rope to the original centre between the two teams. Now the pulling is done on boards with cleats nailed on 6 feet 6 inches apart, and the teams are "set" from the start.

(*Continued on page 490.*)



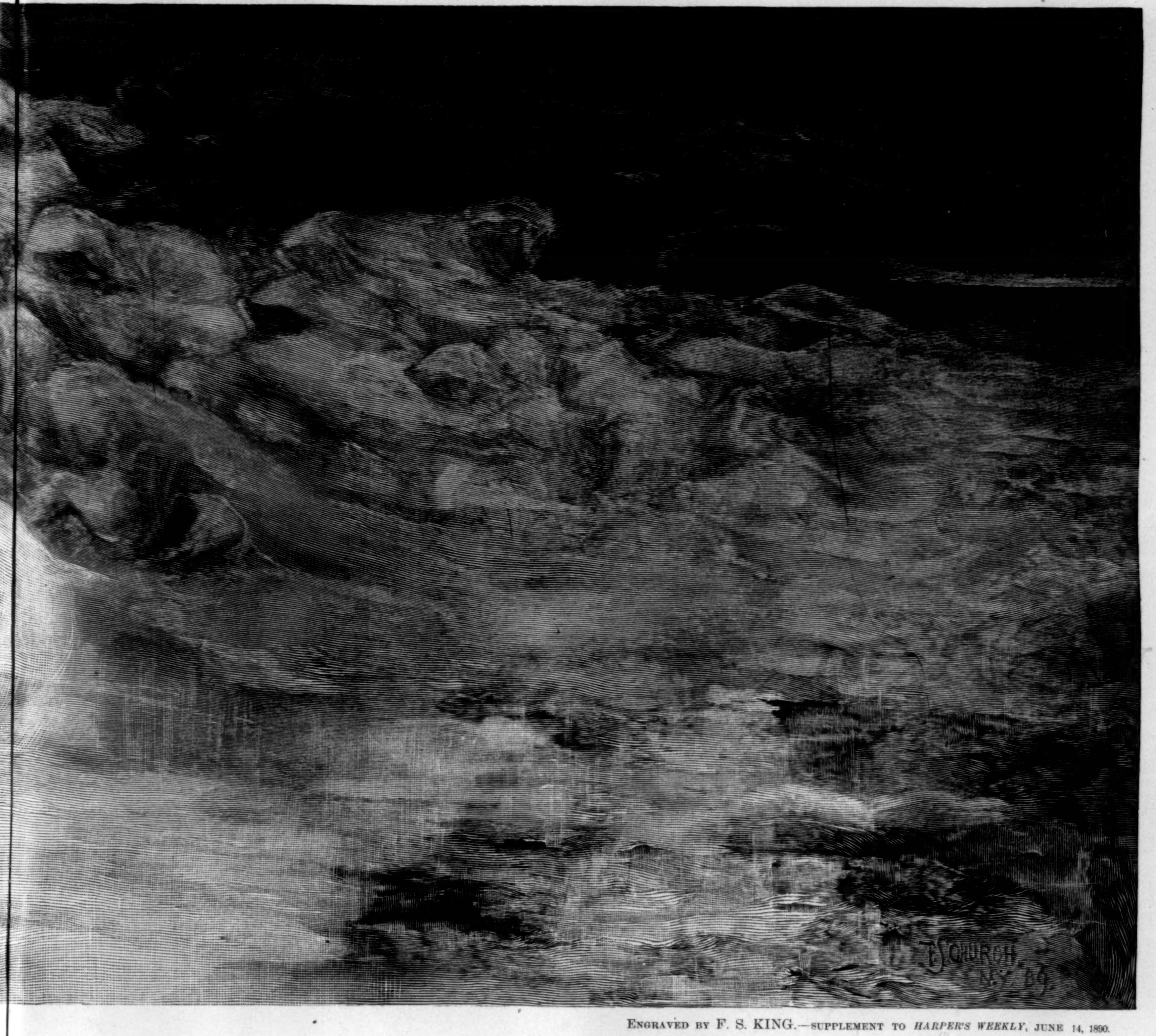
FENCING.



From a painting by F. S. CHURCH, in the possession of Mr. Frank J. Hecker.

“THE

UNIV. OF MICH.


F. S. CHURCH, N.Y. '89

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.—SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, JUNE 14, 1890.

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